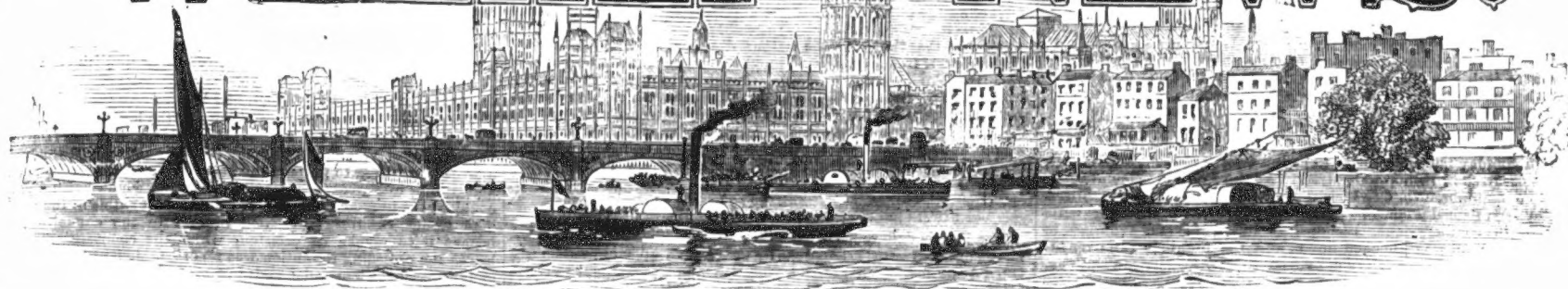


*John Dick 5/3 & hand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM "BEL DEMONIO," AT THE LYCEUM. (See page 334.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, the emigrants who were rescued from the London and New York packet-ship *Amazon*, which was recently totally destroyed by fire off the North Foreland, were shipped on board the American ship *Moses Taylor*, belonging to the same line of packet ships, which in the course of the afternoon left the London Docks, and proceeded on her voyage to New York. There is one circumstance connected with the burning of the *Amazon* which has scarcely had that notice which it deserved—viz., the noble and gallant conduct of Mr. Gilbert Williams, the chief mate, to whom, and Mr. Atkinson, the whole of the passengers owe the preservation of their lives. Captain Hovey, it is said, being anxious about his two daughters and a lady friend on board, was one of the first to leave the ship with the ladies and put them in a lugger, leaving the task of rescuing the emigrants to Mr. Williams and Mr. Atkinson. Mr. Williams remained on the stern lowering the passengers into the boats, and did not leave until all had been saved. With the exception of a five-pound note, which was generously given him by Mr. Atkinson, the pilot, he does not seem to have had any reward for his gallant and heroic conduct, and he has been left to work his way back to New York as best he could.

On Sunday morning, about half-past twelve o'clock, a fatal accident occurred in Bishopsgate-street. As the London General Company's omnibus, No. 6,683, was proceeding towards Cornhill, a little boy, named Thomas Taylor, aged five years, whose parents reside in Artillery-lane, Bishopsgate-street, in endeavouring to cross the road was knocked down, and the omnibus ran over his neck. He was immediately conveyed to Mr. Fowler's, a surgeon, residing opposite the place where the accident occurred, but shortly died. It is said that not the slightest blame is to be attributed to the driver, who was proceeding with the omnibus at a slow pace.

THREE CHILDREN SUFFOCATED IN BED.—On Monday, Dr. Lankester held three inquests at the Pump public-house, Duke-street, Drury-lane, on the bodies of children who had been smothered in bed. One was four months old, another four weeks, and the third four days. In the two first cases the parents were fond of the children, and the jury returned verdicts of "Accidental death." The third case was very suspicious, and was adjourned to the 2nd December for the mother, a young woman of eighteen, who was confined on Wednesday week in St. Giles's Workhouse, to attend the inquest. The nurse and her assistant described the neglect of the mother towards her child. The coroner, during the progress of the investigation, took occasion to remark on the frequency of the inquests he held on children smothered in bed. On Saturday he held three. In Germany a law had been passed to prevent parents sleeping in the same bed with their children under two years of age. Something was required to be done. It was much better, however poor the parents, to provide a berceuse, or side bed, for young infants; many deaths would be prevented.

## "BEL DEMONIO," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

The illustration in the front page represents a scene in the play of "Bel Demonio," now performing with immense success at the Lyceum Theatre. As an outline of the plot of the piece appeared two weeks back in the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* it would be superfluous to reprint it here. Suffice it, then, to say that few pieces have ever been placed on the stage with such picturesque splendour and scenic perfection as that which is nightly crowding the Lyceum. The acting is likewise first-rate; the performances of Mr. Fechter, Miss Terry, and Mr. Brougham being in all respects admirable. Whether "Bel Demonio" will enjoy as long and as profitable a career as its predecessor, "The Duke's Motto," is a problem we will not attempt to solve; but, judging by present appearances, there is every likelihood of its so doing.

## HORRIBLE MASSACRE ON BOARD THE SHIP PARANA.

The following is a copy of a despatch from her Majesty's consular agent at Canton received at Lloyd's relative to the reported capture of the British barque *Parana*, and shocking massacre of her crew by pirates:—

"Her Majesty's Consular Office, Canton, Sept. 11, 1863. "I received information yesterday afternoon that the British barque *Parana*, lately despatched from this port for Europe, had been destroyed by pirates on the west coast, and the crew murdered, and that some of her cargo had been seen here. I proceeded at once with my informant and satisfied myself as to the cargo, which consisted of a few hundred cases of cassia, partly damaged, bearing the mark of *Parana*. I then waited upon his excellency the governor and reported the case, to which his excellency said that a Chinese admiral had been there a day or two previous, who reported having had an engagement with pirates on the west coast, and succeeded in capturing some of them, who had part of the cargo of some foreign vessel on board; and then I proceeded to the Mandarin junk, and found that the admiral had left yesterday morning for Canton with the prisoners captured. On further inquiries, the captain of the junk said that on or about the 3rd instant the Mandarin fleet had an engagement with several large piratical junks, two of which were flying the British flag, and they succeeded in capturing three of the boats and over twenty pirates. They took some of the cargo, which was landed here by order of the admiral, and from the statements of the pirates made before the mandarin, it appears that on or about the 30th August last a foreign barque went on shore in a gale of wind, and was disabled, when over ten piratical junks boarded her, and murdered every one on board, including a female, and set fire to the vessel, after taking everything they could out of her. This occurred off Suty Sandy Bay, St. John's Island.

"Macao, Sept. 19.

"P.S.—On further information obtained by Lieut. Walker, commanding her Majesty's gun-boat *Opesum*, who proceeded to the place, it appears that the *Parana* was not disabled, but only went into the bay for shelter, and was at once surrounded by pirates, who, after taking everything they could out of the vessel, put the captain and crew below, nailed down the hatches, and set fire to the ship. The *Opesum* destroyed eight piratical junks, with fifty-nine guns, and has on board thirteen prisoners."

BROUGHAM ON SHAKSPEARE.—His lordship recently told a member of the National Shakspeare Committee that he regarded Shakspeare as a greatly over-rated man, and that his esteem for the poet was by no means high.—*Athenaeum*.

PRINCE ALFRED AND PRINCE WILLIAM OF HESSE AT DALKEITH PALACE.—On Saturday, Prince Alfred and Prince William of Hesse, accompanied by Major Cowell and Captain Von Zangen, proceeded to Dalkeith Palace on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. The royal party breakfasted at the palace, and afterwards visited the Duke's extensive stables. The rest of the day was occupied in shooting, and enjoying the amusements organized for their reception. On Sunday forenoon Prince Alfred and Prince William attended service at the West Parish Church, where the Rev. Mr. Leonard officiated. They were accompanied to the church by their suite, and by Mr. Scott Moncrieff. In the afternoon, the Princes attended service at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, and were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the members of their grace's family, and several of the distinguished noblemen and ladies at present residing at Dalkeith Palace.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* states that after the council of English Ministers, which took place on the 12th instant, Earl Russell authorized the British ambassador at Paris to declare to the French Government that Great Britain desired nothing better than to co-operate in the work undertaken by Napoleon III. of ensuring European order and consolidating the peace of the world. But in order that the common efforts might be crowned with success, it appeared indispensable to the Ministers of her Majesty Queen Victoria that the Cabinets of England and France should enter into a preliminary exchange of frank and cordial explanations respecting the object of the imperial programme and the means of attaining it.

It is said that the Prince de Latour d'Auvergne, who has just arrived in Paris from Rome, has brought an important communication from the Pope to the Emperor. Previous to his departure the Prince had a private audience of his Holiness, which lasted more than two hours. The Pope expressed his extreme regret at the Prince's departure, to which the latter replied that his Holiness would find M. Sartiges, the new ambassador, actuated with the same friendly feeling towards the Court of Rome as his predecessor.

## ITALY.

The Provincial Council of Potenza (one of the Neapolitan provinces afflicted with brigandage) a short time since unanimously voted a subsidy to the Polish revolution and a monument to Garibaldi. Garibaldi, in a letter published in the *Diritto*, applauds the subsidy, but declines the monument. "As to the monument to me," he says, "I beg you will dismiss the thought of it. If you insist, you will put me to the pain of saying that I will not accept it. As long as the soldiers of two foreign armies riot on our soil, as long as a stream of civil blood flows from the Tronto to the Strait, as long as the glorious remains of our national battles die of hunger or by their own hand in the midst of the insane rejoicings of our cities, as long as the boy wants a school and the orphan an asylum, as long as there is in Italy misery, chains, and darkness, speak not of monuments, least of all a monument to me."

## PRUSSIA.

At the Theatre Royal of Berlin, a few evenings back, Schiller's piece, entitled "Robaue und Liebe" (intrigue and Love) was being performed, and at the passage where Lady Milford says to Ferdinand, "It was the sovereign who gave you this sword," the actor replied, "It is the State which gave it me, through the hands of the Sovereign," thunders of applause echoed from every part of the house, and this significant demonstration against the Government was thrice repeated before the actor could resume his part.

A Berlin letter has the following:— "It has been remarked here, not without truth, that if the French Emperor feels himself compelled to propose a Congress as the sole means of avoiding the alternative, in the Polish question, of war or of a humiliating silence, it is in great measure due to England. The conduct of our Government with respect to the insurrection in Poland meets with severe censure at the hands of continental politicians, and one hears persons who certainly are not prone to praise the policy of the Bismarck Cabinet at the expense of the English Foreign-office, declare that, with regard to Poland, Prussia has played a far more manly and straightforward game than England. The former Power, when the insurrection broke out, at once assumed a decided position—one which, although we could have wished it different, was neither ambiguous nor illogical. As one of the three who had shared the spoils of Poland, Prussia stood up for the associate whose portion of the plunder was threatened. There was a great stir in England about the February Convention—a stir due in part to the unnecessary degree of mystery made about it; but if we consider merely the interests and sufferings of the Poles, we shall perhaps find that the course adopted by our Government has been more injurious to that unhappy people than all that has been done against it by the Prussian Government and police, and by General Werder's army. We have so encouraged the hopes of the Poles that even now they will not believe we do not intend to aid them more effectually than by expressions of sympathy. Recent English travellers in Poland have assured me that the people still hope and talk of England at last coming to their assistance. This is the case with the masses; the better informed few can hardly now cherish such illusions. Foreigners are puzzled by what they term the caustic and whimsical march of English foreign policy during the past year."

## POLAND.

General Mikroslawski, organizer of the forces of the insurrection, and Prince Czartoryski, diplomatic agent, have, it is asserted, been dismissed from their posts by the National Government.

## DENMARK.

M. Hall, President of the Council of Ministers, on Monday proclaimed Prince Christian as King of Denmark, under the title of King Christian IX, from the balcony of the Palace of Christiansburg.

On the appearance of the new King on the balcony an immense crowd assembled before the palace, gave enthusiastic cheers for "Denmark and Schleswig!" "The new Constitution for the whole Monarchy!" "The new Danish Constitution!" and "The Hall Ministry!"

## GREECE.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Athens, Nov. 6:—"I meant to write last week, but as we were in all the excitement of the new King's arrival, I thought I would wait until that great event was over, as it will, perhaps, amuse you to hear how it all passed. From the moment the telegram came to say he was on board the *Hellas*, and fairly sailed from Toulon, all the inhabitants of Athens lost the little good sense nature had gifted them with, and went stark mad. The town was full of strangers, come from Turkey, Egypt, the Ionian Islands, &c., with the usual portion of English tourists—more than 30,000 it is said. Of course, though he had been expected and hoped for for nearly a year, nothing was ready. I met the Demarque rushing frantically through the town to find linen to make his sheets, and mattresses for his bed, and a carriage and horses to bring him up from the Piræus. However, by the time he did at last land, all was in perfect order. You cannot think how pretty the town looked—all the balconies and shops were decked with flags, Turkish shawls, brocades, and myrtle and laurel in profusion, with a picture of his Majesty of some kind or other on every house, strings of coloured Chinese lanterns all across the streets, and lots of triumphal arches, and over all the glorious blue sky and bright sunshine of Greece. He was received at the Piræus by a royal salute of 101 guns from eleven vessels of different nations in the harbour, the usual speeches, charity school hymns, &c., and then nearly all the inhabitants of the Piræus ran alongside of his carriage up to Athens, shouting "Zeto," and tossing their fez's in the air, and looking very picturesque with all their different costumes. In the evening there was a general illumination, which, with the help of the gay decorations, was really very presentable, and as it was a lovely evening the whole world walked about half the night. On the Saturday he went to the National Assembly and took the oaths (in Greek), in the

evening there was a great dinner at the palace, and on Sunday morning he walked down to the Greek church, accompanied by one aide-de-camp, and attended the services, which raised the enthusiasm at least 100 per cent. He walks about all over the town in the most free and easy manner, and takes every occasion of recommending simplicity and economy. When Hadyi Petro was presented to him, covered with gold embroidery (and coming, of course, to ask for a place), the King asked him if there were any gold mines in his province, and then told him that he thought the money thrown away which was spent in adorning one's person, &c. Of course, we cannot judge yet of what sort of a King he will be, but he has at least had the tact to *debuter* very well. Count Sponneck seems a very clever, decided sort of person, too; so that I really think it promises well. Next week he goes to Corfu to take possession of the Seven Islands, and I hear there are great preparations making there, too, for his reception. Among others, it was said that seven young ladies, to represent the Seven Islands, were to row him to shore, singing the national hymn; but I hear the King has hinted that he would greatly prefer listening to the young ladies on dry land, and being rowed by English sailors."

## AUSTRIA.

The other day, there occurred in one of the bureaux of the Austrian Reichsrath a rather remarkable incident which is related by the journals of Vienna. The committee of finances had resolved in a preceding sitting to propose the suppression of the salary of the ambassador to Naples—a salary that Austria, which has not yet recognised the kingdom of Italy, continues to exhibit in the budget. The Count Rechberg presented himself to the committee, and begged it to revoke its decision, which the committee did. But before the preceding resolution was reported, M. Kuranda, a deputy of the city of Vienna, demanded of M. de Rechberg what grounds he had to allege in favour of a measure of which the Reichsrath, which could not vote useless expenses, did not perceive the expediency. The Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that the proposition of the congress, made by the Emperor of the French, created "quite a new situation," and that it was important that the great powers of the State in Austria should not appear to settle, before the assembling of that congress, and whilst the hope of its meeting had not been abandoned, any of the questions of European policy in which Austria is interested.

## AMERICA.

## RENEWAL OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON.

The *Richmond Whig* of the 31st October contains the following despatch:—

"Charleston, Oct. 30. "The bombardment of Fort Sumter to-day is the heaviest that has yet taken place. From sundown on Wednesday until sundown on Thursday, 1,215 shots, from 15-inch mortars and 800 pounder Parrot guns, have been thrown against the fort. Our loss is seven wounded. This evening the enemy opened fire from the mortar battery at Cumming's Point upon the north-east angle of the forts, which seems to be the special object of their attention. The enemy's batteries engaged were those at Gregg and Wagner, the centre battery, and Cumming's Point battery, with the addition of three Monitor. The bombardment of Fort Sumter still goes on, but the fire is much slower. Our batteries fire slowly and deliberately. The enemy at present pays no attention to them."

The correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes on the 30th:—"Our batteries opened last Monday afternoon, the 26th inst., and fired slowly until nightfall, the gorge wall being the target for our projectiles. But little effect was produced on the wall, as the mass of debris that extended up its face was a pretty effective shield against our missiles, and it was soon evident that but little other damage could be inflicted at that point than that already effected in our first bombardment. The debris of bricks and mortar was pounded to small fragments and pulverized to powder but it seemed to grow more impenetrable as the process of hammering went on. Of course, a portion of the projectiles striking at the top of the wall, on a descending curve, passed over and inflicted damage to the channel face of the work; but those that struck below were practically of no service to us. On Tuesday morning fire was again resumed, the guns being directed against the south-east face of the work, which had been a good deal shattered and torn by our previous bombardment. This face had no protection in the shape of heavy shields of masonry, and barricades of sand-bags which had proved so effectual on the gorge wall. Our projectiles soon began to tell on the masonry, as the face line of fire was nearly direct, and the range short. With the naked eye huge flakes of masonry could be seen to detach themselves from the parapet and face of the wall, and go crashing down to the water's edge, enveloping the fort in a cloud of dingy reddish dust, which was slowly swept away by the wind and settled upon the water, leaving ragged gaps in the wall and revealing the arches and a portion of the piers. The face of the wall fell in ruins very rapidly. Firing was continued during the day, and throughout the night it was maintained from a portion of the guns, merely to harass the enemy and prevent them from working, either to construct a work within or to repair damages. The bombardment has continued up to the present time (two o'clock on Friday afternoon), with no interruption except at noon, when the gunners enjoy an hour's rest. The firing on Wednesday, Thursday, and to-day has been regular and effective. The night firing has been kept up only enough to prevent any work from going on in the fort, and to wear out the garrison, which must be very small. We can see a few men on the outside, who dodge behind the channel face when we fire, and keep a sharp look out for stray missiles and flying brickbats. It is not at all probable that more than a handful of men hold the work during the day, reinforcements being thrown in by means of small boats after sundown to guard against an attempt to take the fort by assault. This afternoon the south-east face of the fort presents an appearance of demolition and ruin which promises the best results with twenty-four hours more firing. At the corner or angle where the south-east face joins the gorge wall, a portion of the parapet still stands, though in a shattered and dilapidated condition. From that point to the other angle, at the junction of the south-east and the channel faces, the parapet is entirely gone. The arches, with one or two exceptions, are crushed in; the piers are knocked to pieces, and the top of the wall extends no higher in places than the second line of casemates. The line of ruins descends in a curve from the parapet of the gorge angle to within twenty feet of the base of the centre of the south-east face, and then gradually ascends, in an irregular way, to the fragment of the parapet that stands like a small watch tower at the channel angle. The fort now resembles, at a distance, the ruin of some old Moorish castle, which the busy fingers of time have gradually levelled to the earth, leaving here and there its bastions to tower aloft, only to show how imposing and magnificent must have been the original structure when intact and unimpaired in all its parts. It is sad to contemplate the ruins of that compact and imposing work which once grandly lorded it over Charleston harbour, and frowned with its hundred guns upon foreign foes, holding the gates of the city securely under its ordnance, and threatening destruction and death to all hostile comers. It is now a mass of ruins, with the tattered, dirty rebel flag floating from a shattered rammer-staff, on an obscure bastion, without a gun beneath it to utter a defiance or repel a foe."

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Horniman's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s. 4d. and 4s. "High Standard" at 4s. 4d. (formerly 4s. 8d.), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in packets.—[Advertisement.]



## THE TRIPLE MURDER IN A CAB, AND SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

In last week's issue of this paper appeared an account of the murder of two children and their mother in a cab, and the arrest of a man named Hunt, the suspected murderer, who committed suicide by poison.

Mr. Carter opened an inquiry at the Rose and Thistle, London-derry-rail, Camberwell, on the body of this man, Samuel William Hunt. The jury having viewed the body, Inspector Meloy gave evidence as to the capture of the deceased, and his subsequent death, as related last week. The only additional fact deposed to by the inspector was that the police had communicated with Southampton and found that there was no such street as the one where Hunt said his wife's relatives resided. The inspector further said "Hunt had no opportunity to take the poison after we were admitted. When we first entered the bed-room we noticed some vomit in the utensils, which must have been there before we were admitted. It is my opinion that the deceased had taken the poison before we had arrived at the house. I should say that the door was opened about a minute and a half after the first knock. When I arrived at the house there was no light in it, and I consider it was impossible for him to see us. I do not think anybody had gone into the house before the arrival of the police."

Mr. George Puckle, surgeon, living at 10, Denmark-hill, said: Last Monday night I was called, a few minutes after eleven, to the police station, where I found the deceased man Hunt seated in a chair, retching violently. His countenance was pallid, the eyes having a remarkable appearance, the pupils being very much dilated. I felt his pulse, which was scarcely perceptible, and the action of the heart was extremely feeble; his breathing was regular, but quiet. I asked him what he had taken. He said "Only some gin." I said "Something more than that." He said "No." I could not detect any effluvia from his mouth. The retching was excessive and spasmodic. At that time I felt satisfied that he had taken poison. When I first saw him I attempted to administer an emetic of sulphate of zinc and water. He objected to take it. I said "Come now, Hunt, you know me, and must take it." He allowed his mouth to be completely filled, and then jerked his head, spitting it all out. Having provided myself with a second emetic, I took care that he swallowed it. This acted, and apparently he ejected all that had been given him. He then said "Oh! my heart." I raised him up, in order to see if he could stand and walk. He staggered across the room, almost going against the wall, apparently without the use of his arms. I asked him again what he had taken, and he still said "Only some gin." I said "Was it in a usual bottle?" and he replied that it was a six ounce bottle. He then appeared to sleep, but awoke almost immediately, saying, "I have had such delightful dreams," his eyes at the time having a staring and fixed expression. I asked if he had any poison in the house, and he replied, "I procured some prussic acid a short time ago, intending to destroy myself. I walked about for nights, I felt so miserable; but it is not in the house now. My wife must have taken it with her when she went into the country on Friday." Some one then asked him if he had taken prussic acid, and he answered "No, or I should not have been here now," showing his knowledge of the drug. I asked, "Had you any other poison?" and he replied, "Yes, I had a packet of opium." I again said "What have you taken?" and he said "I might have taken opium. I think it was." He lived about a quarter of an hour after that observation.

Adolphus Orlando Riche said he was employed by Messrs. Butler and M'ulloch. Knew the deceased, who was in their service as traveller and shop assistant. On Monday, at his request, I furnished him with tincture of aconite, juniper, oil of rosemary, and essential oil of almonds. He said that they were for customers, and the aconite and oil of almonds would be called for. The bottle of aconite had no label on it, and it was not in the bottle produced. We do not keep prussic acid. Any article that he had wanted would have been supplied to him. No aconite was kept in the shop, but he could have obtained it himself; it was kept in the warehouse. The shop is a wholesale one to supply chemists and druggists. The deceased was not at the shop on Saturday.

Charles M'ulloch said: The deceased was in my service. He was about forty years of age. He had been in my service about three years as traveller and shop assistant. The last time I saw him alive was Monday, when he was in the shop, attending to the business, and remained up to about half-past seven o'clock. His conduct was then as usual; he was reserved and morose, which he was mostly. To me he was always respectful and civil. I have received complaints of his moroseness and inactivity to customers. I spoke to him on the subject, and he seemed to regret it. I did not give him these orders, but I received the orders for the oil of roses and juniper.

Charles Gould, a cabman, proved driving the deceased, with his wife and children, from Camberwell-green to the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Cyrus Fay, chemist, of Norton Folgate, deposed to the cab being stopped at his door, and the woman getting out and purchasing from him an aromatic draught, "for a gentleman who had taken too much drink." Mr. Imrie, hair-dresser, Strand, proved selling a false moustache to Hunt on the Wednesday preceding the murder; and Mr. Coombes, house-surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, gave a description of the state of the bodies of the woman and children on their being taken to the hospital, and said that he had made a post mortem examination, and had arrived at the conclusion that they had died from the effects of prussic acid.

The Coroner then summed up, and, after a lengthened consideration, the jury agreed to a verdict by a majority of thirteen to five. The verdict was "Felo de se."

The body of the man was buried the same night, at Tooting Cemetery, by torchlight, and without the burial service being read over his remains.

## INQUEST ON MRS. HUNT AND THE CHILDREN.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, resumed the adjourned inquest on the bodies of Mary Anne Hunt and her children Jessie and Emily, who were found dead in a cab on Saturday night, the 7th of November, in the Board-room of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

Mr. R. King, of the firm of Wood and King, Coleman-street-buildings, appeared to watch the proceedings on the part of the relatives of Samuel William Hunt.

The first witness called was John Blake, cab-driver, badge 7,856, of 124, St. John's-street, Smithfield, the father of the deceased woman. He knew Hunt before he married his daughter. He was then out of employment, and had been so for two years. He last saw his daughter alive about nine months ago, and had reason to believe that they lived together very unhappily.

By Mr. King: He had never heard that his daughter had threatened to make away with herself on account of the unhappiness that existed between her and her husband.

By a juror: He had heard his daughter complain of Hunt's ill-usage, and he had advised her to leave him in consequence. He had never heard her say that Hunt had attempted to poison her, but she had told his daughter Harriet so.

Harriet Elve, the daughter of the last witness, and sister to the deceased woman, was then examined. She had seen the bodies lying at the dead-house, and recognised them as being those of her sister Mary Anne Hunt and her two children, Jessie and Emily. Her sister's age was 24 years; those of the children seven and four respectively. She last saw her sister alive about a month since, when she complained of a sore on her ankle, which she stated had been caused by a blow from her husband with a poker, that had been bent by the blow. Her sister had complained of Hunt's ill-treatment of her for years. She had seen her several times with

black eyes, cut head and shoulders, and bruised limbs, from blows given by Hunt. She had lived with them four years ago, when Hunt kept a stationer's shop at 1, Warner-road, Camberwell New-road. She had during her residence with them seen Hunt cut her head twice; once with a pomatum-jar, another time with a cup. Friday five weeks she went to see her sister, Mrs. Hunt, at Ann's Cottage, Wellington-road, Camberwell. She then had a cut on her right shoulder, caused by Hunt the day before. She also told her that he had tried to poison her by forcing down her throat the contents of a small bottle containing poison. She (Mrs. Hunt) was in bed asleep when Hunt came up-stairs, woke her up, and endeavoured to force the poison down her throat. She opened the window and screamed, but no assistance came. Hunt's general treatment of the children was good; but lately he had beaten the younger one a great deal. He had been very kind to them until a few words had arisen between Hunt and a neighbour next door, to whom the younger child had been rude, from which time he had beaten the child cruelly. She had frequently heard Hunt say, "I will kill the lot of you." Twice he had said he would poison them all.

Charles Gould was then examined: He stated that he was on the Camberwell-green cab stand with his cab about six o'clock on Saturday evening, the 7th of November, when he was hailed by a lady with two children, who were standing at the corner of Camberwell New-road. He drove over to them, and they got into his cab, the lady directing him to drive to the Great Eastern Railway. He had since identified the bodies of the woman and children lying at St. Mary's Hospital as those belonging to the persons he had driven. The lady told him to take the check-string in his hand, as she might want to stop him. When they had proceeded about 300 yards a man in the pathway stopped him and said he was going to the Eastern Counties Railway, that he knew the lady in the cab, and he got in. He (witness) got off his box to see if such was the case, when the lady said, "All right," and he drove on as far as Nortonfolgate, when the man stopped him at a chemist's shop. The woman got out, went into the chemist's shop, and returned to the cab. She then went once more into the shop, returned, and got into the cab, telling witness to put them down at the gate of the station, which he did, the man paying him 3s. He saw no luggage with them beyond a paper parcel. He could not swear they had no hat-box with them. He had since seen the man who got into the cab on Saturday night weeping dead at Ann's Cottage, Camberwell.

The cabman who drove the party from Shoreditch was re-examined. He said he had seen Hunt's body, and identified it as belonging to the man he had driven to Farnivals-inn.

Mr. William Imrie, wig-maker and hair-dresser, was called, and stated that he had identified Hunt as the man who called at his shop on Wednesday or Thursday, and purchased a false moustache. He identified him by his upper lip, which was particularly large, and by his general appearance.

The joint report of the chemical analysts, Dr. John Randall, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and of Dr. Matthiessen, F.R.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the same institution, was then handed to Dr. Lankester, and afterwards read by Dr. Randall. The report stated that four glass jars, one cork, four pewter pint measures, and a paper containing biscuits and figs had been received from the house surgeon of St. Mary's Hospital for the purpose of chemical analysis and investigation. All the jars were stoppered, tied down with string, and sealed. The figs and cakes were given to a dog without any harmful effects. Having found prussic acid in the contents of all three stomachs and certain other portions of the bodies the conclusion was arrived at that the mother and two children died from the administration of that poison.

Adolphus Orlando Riche, Hunt's fellow-servant in the employment of Messrs. Butler and M'ulloch, herbalists, seedsmen, druggists, said last Monday he saw Hunt from half-past one to seven in the evening. About half-past three Hunt asked him to procure for him from the warehouse oil of rosemary, oil of juniper, essential oil of almonds, and tincture of aconite. They did not sell or keep any form of prussic acid. The first two articles were sent to a customer, the essential oil of almonds and tincture of aconite were left on the counter for a gentleman, who Hunt said would call for them. No one called for them, and he believed Hunt took them away. No conversation had ever passed between him and Hunt as to his unhappiness with his wife. He had observed nothing particular in Hunt's manner on Monday. He was always very reserved in his manner.

Mr. Charles M'ulloch then gave evidence as to Hunt's conduct while in his employment. He was generally morose and reserved. He had had to make complaints of his surliness to his customers. Hunt had been out from half-past eight on Monday morning travelling for orders, and accounted for his want of success in obtaining them by saying that all his customers were talking about the murder, and would pay no attention to anything else.

The jury then consulted for about half an hour, and on the public being re-admitted to the room, the Coroner announced their verdict to the effect, "That Mary Ann Hunt was found dead in a cab on Saturday night from the effects of prussic acid, and that the prussic acid was administered to her maliciously with intent to take away her life by Samuel William Hunt."

The same verdict was returned in the case of the two children.

A TOLERANT BOROUGH.—Mr. Dorland, of the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, was on Monday last duly elected Mayor of Folkestone. Folkestone has now the peculiar distinction of being represented by a Roman Catholic in her Protestant parish church, by a Jew in Parliament, and by a Frenchman as chief magistrate.

A PARRICIDE.—The Court of Assizes of the Drome, France, was engaged during two days in trying a farmer named Gardan, aged twenty-five, charged with having, on the 17th of August last, at Lons-Lestang, murdered his mother, a widow, and his two brothers, Jean, aged twenty-six, and Felix, seventeen, the prisoner was also charged with setting fire to their dwelling-house, in order to destroy all traces of his crime. It appeared from the indictment that in April, 1862, the prisoner purchased a house and some land for 6,100f. (424s.) at Bellegarde-Pousieux, about two leagues from his native place, and not having sufficient funds to pay even the first instalment, sold to Jean all his right to a share in the family property for 2,000f., but the brother received only 1,100f., the other 900f. being left as a security for his share of a yearly sum to be paid to the mother as long as she lived. The prisoner soon after wanted his brother to let him have the 900f., but meeting with a refusal he raised funds by forging bills in his brother's name for above that sum. In the night of the 17th of August last, shortly before these forged bills fell due, the premises of the widow Gardan were observed to be on fire, and when the neighbours hastened to the spot they found the bodies of the widow and the youngest son lying dead in the kitchen, both having been shot through the head. The premises were entirely destroyed, and the body of the eldest son was found among the ruins nearly carbonized, but a fracture of the skull showed that he too had been murdered. The prisoner was at once suspected and arrested. When interrogated, he declared that he had no doubt that Felix had murdered his mother and brother and then committed suicide. A post mortem examination of the mother's body, however, clearly showed that the prisoner was the murderer, for the wound of the charge which was found in the wound exactly corresponded with the torn leaf of a song book in the prisoner's possession, and two recently discharged pistols were discovered on his premises. Other evidence was likewise produced which left no doubt of his guilt. The jury accordingly brought in a verdict of "Guilty," without extenuating circumstances, and the court condemned him to death, at the same time ordering the execution to take place at Valence.

## DEATH OF THE KING OF DENMARK.

We regret to announce the death of his Majesty Frederick VII., King of Denmark, which took place at the Palace of Glücksburg, on Sunday afternoon, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His death was unexpected. Towards the end of the week symptoms of erysipelas manifested themselves in the face; which, on Friday week, assumed a serious appearance, fever and delirium having set in. In the course of the evening the disease appeared to yield to medical treatment, and the King obtained a little sleep. On Saturday, however, it increased again, spreading over the whole face, and accompanied with delirium. He did not again rally, but died about half-past two o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

The life of King Frederick Charles Christian was a chequered one, and he experienced the extremes of the dislike and the affection of his subjects. His domestic history can hardly be held out as a model to crowned heads, but in his political relations it is certain that he was every inch a Dane; that he participated to the full in the patriotic sentiments of the Danish people; and that the many way in which he has from first to last confronted the pretensions of the Germanic Confederation has in great measure expiated in the eyes of every true Dane for his connubial irregularities. He was born in 1808; his father, who afterwards succeeded to the throne as Christian VIII., being then heir presumptive to the reigning King, Frederick VI., who had daughters, but no male heir. One of those daughters, Wilhelmina-Maria, was married to the King just deceased, while he was yet in his twentieth year. It is probable the marriage was the result of political arrangements; at all events it turned out unhappily, for Prince Frederick procured a divorce from his wife in the ninth year of their marriage, and during the lifetime of the Princess's father. The old monarch, however, was not disposed to acquiesce patiently in this slight offered to his daughter, and he sent his audacious ex-son-in-law to the state prison of Fredericia, where he was left to meditate on his conduct till the death of the King and the accession of his own father, in 1839. Two years afterwards, in 1841, the Crown Prince contracted a second marriage with the Princess Caroline Marianne of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the bride being then in her twentieth year. This union did not turn out more happily than the former; indeed, it lasted for a still shorter time, for a divorce between them took place in 1846. It was generally understood that the cause of the alienation in this latter instance arose from the influence acquired over the Prince by a dancer at the royal theatre. The lady had formerly been a governess in Copenhagen, but subsequently went to Paris, where she attached herself to the theatres, and after an absence of a few years, she returned to fulfil an engagement of the same nature in her native town. Here she attracted the notice of the Crown Prince, and the relations between them were for some time the source of much scandal, and were, as already intimated, the main cause of the divorce. In 1848, Christian VIII. died, and the late monarch came to the throne. His accession occurred in troublous times. The revolutionary mania, which having its centre in France, spread over the greater portion of Germany, giving an impetus never known before to the demand for German unity, bore hardly against Denmark. Not that in Denmark proper there was any sympathy with the revolutionary feeling. Indeed, the sovereign had himself anticipated the wishes of the most liberal among his subjects by granting unsolicited a constitution to his country. But in the confusion that took place in those revolutionary years the German Confederation not only claimed the duchy of Holstein, which was admitted to be German, but also that of Schleswig, which was by the Danes denied to be German at all. In those days of high-handed action, however, the Germans would not descend to argument; they gathered together an army, and invaded the Duchies, their great object, it was understood, being to obtain possession of the capacious port of Kiel, in order to develop themselves as a maritime Power. Here, however, they encountered an opposition on which they had not calculated. The invasion of their country roused in the Danes all their old Scandinavian spirit; the King put himself at the head of his people, and showed a spirit worthy of the noblest of his ancestors. The enthusiasm of the country was raised to the highest pitch; a well-equipped army was sent on to the frontier. The two armies met on the confines between the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and after a sharp action the invading Germans were defeated and driven back.

This war was scarcely over when the domestic relations of the King again became matter of public notoriety. He had divorced his second wife while his father was living, but he took no other connection of a formal nature. The times that accompanied his accession were too agitated to allow of matters being brought before his subjects that were sure to produce scandal; but in 1850, when the disorders had subsided, and political affairs were running in their wonted quiet channels, the Danish people were informed that their Sovereign had formed amorganatic or left-handed marriage, according to the license occasionally taken by continental Sovereigns, with the theatrical dancer, to whom he at the same time accorded the title of the Countess Danner. This step brought upon the King much unpopularity. It also brought into prominence, and made ripe for speedy settlement, a question which had hitherto lain in abeyance. The King had no issue by either of his marriages; and the line of the royal family which he represented died with him. The family next in succession was that of Augustenburg, a German branch, and of which nearly all the members were devoted to the German view of the union of the Duchies. This policy made them popular in Holstein, but formed a great drawback to their pretensions in Denmark proper. The only exception to the politics of his family was a younger brother, Prince Christian, who, with a numerous family and a small income, was living in modest retirement. There was every probability of the Danish succession becoming a disputed one, to end in a civil war that might disturb the peace of Europe; and to avert that calamity the great Powers of Europe gave their opinions on the matter. Prince Christian was declared the heir presumptive; from that day not a whisper has been raised against him—he now succeeds amid the universal consent of his subjects to the Danish throne. It is unnecessary to add that the now King Christian IX. is the father of the Princesses of Wales and of George I., King of the Hellenes.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; going every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Manns, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

A CAPITAL WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils, and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORT, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

WHAT is Consumption? The ulceration of the lungs, caused by neglected coughs and colds. Halls Lung Restorer cures Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throats, D. fluently in Breathing, and all Disorders of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest. William Baldwin, 20, Soles, Wigan, suffered from ulcerated lungs, and was given up as hopeless. Cured with two 4s. 6d. bottles of Halls Lung Restorer. Supplied by S. Hall, Chemist, 6, Commercial-street, City side of Great Eastern Railway London, N.E. And sold by most chemists in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Any chemist, not having it in stock, will procure it for you.—[Advertisement.]



## LIFEBOAT SERVICES.

THE accompanying illustration represents one of the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution putting off to a wreck during the recent heavy gales.

We may mention that the following is a list of the important services rendered by the lifeboats of the Institution on these disastrous occasions:—The lifeboats of the Institution at Dundalk, Drogheda, Cameltown, Fraserburgh, Fleetwood, Southport, and Framore have rescued the following shipwrecked persons:—Four men from the schooner *Arion*, of Workington; four from the schooner *Gipsy*, of Drogheda; seven from the barque *Providence*, of Dantzic; four from the smack *Saucy Jack*, of Inverness; four from the schooner *Northern Lights*, of Preston; seventeen from the Norwegian barque, *Tamworth*, of Skein; and one from the brig *Marietta*, of Lisbon. The lifeboats of the Institution at Holyhead, Rye, Buddon Nest (Dundee), and Walmer, have assisted to bring safely into port the Italian brig *Camogliolo*; schooner *Sir Colin Campbell*, of Whitby; schooner *Gullia*, of Palermo; and the ketch *Snip*, of Amsterdam; with their crews. The vessels must have gone to pieces in the absence of the services of the lifeboats. The society's lifeboats at Seaton Carow, Rhyl, Kingstown, Sillioth, Fleetwood, Holyhead, Cemlyn, New Brighton, and Penarth, also went off in reply to signals of distress, with the view of saving life, but the vessels had subsequently got out of danger, or their crews had been rescued by other means. For these services £166 were voted by the Institution.

The committee of the Institution are earnestly appealing to the public for assistance to enable them to meet the continued heavy demands on the society's lifeboat establishments; and among the efforts that are being made it may be specially mentioned that a very influential committee of tradesmen, of Clerkenwell and Islington, have announced two concerts at Deacon's Music Hall, opposite Sadler's Wells Theatre, on the 24th and 25th inst. The object of the committee is to realise funds sufficient to purchase a new boat, to be called the "Sir Hugh Myddleton." The cost of this is estimated at £200, and its efficient support about £50 a year.

## THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF.

A PARIS letter gives the following description of the place where the Corps Legislatif holds its sittings, and the mode in which the business is carried on:—

"The sittings are held in precisely the same hall that witnessed the great parliamentary struggles under Louis Philippe—the revolution of February—which was invaded by an armed mob in February, 1858, and whence the representatives were expelled at the bayonet's point on the 2nd of December, 1848. The back of the building, consisting of a portico not unlike that of the Madeline, looks towards the river; the front is in the Place du Palais Bourbon—a desert out of the session, but at present crowded with carriages, the aristocratic brougham with armorial bearings (some of which, by the way, would make the Herald's College hair stand on end), jostling the quiet hired coach, or the democratic cab, which last session would have been sufficient to contain the whole of the Opposition. There is a crowd of coachmen and flunkeys in charge of the carriages—a crowd of idlers gazing at both, and the inevitable *sergent de ville* contemplates the scene, and looks as if he considered himself master of the situation. At two o'clock *Messieurs les Deputes* have generally assembled. A good many congregate in the *Salle des Conferences*, a comfortable room, in which a good fire is kept up; a few in the library, a splendid apartment; and by far the greater number at the refreshment bar, a dismal parody of our Bellamy's. Imagine a long, narrow, uncarpeted room. At the top is a counter, like that at the refreshment rooms of some railway stations. Two gloomy-looking waiters stand behind, who look as if they suffered extensively from dyspepsia; they dispense rolls, sherry, and what those who consume them fondly suppose to be sandwiches. At three o'clock—there is no bell, but a roll of the drum, and hastening out of the buvette we come into the hall, and behold Duke de Morny escorted on each side by an officer, sword in hand, passing slowly between a double line of soldiers presenting arms. He enters the body of the house thus escorted, and ascends to the presidential chair. This chair is the same that was used

## THE POLISH INSURRECTION.—MORE WOMAN-FLOGGING.

An incident which occurred in Warsaw on the 2nd instant is a fair example of the treatment to which the ladies of this city are subjected by the Russian authorities. A house-owner was going home in the evening with his wife. He was provided with a lantern, according to the regulation, but his wife was not, as women accompanied by men are not required to carry lanterns. As they were passing through a street where the pavement is so narrow that two persons only can walk on it abreast, they met a friend who walked on with them, and as he had business with the husband, the wife walked on before. Seeing this a policeman in the street arrested the lady because she had no lantern. All explanation was useless, and the lady and her husband were immediately dragged to the nearest police-station, where the commissary, Rydzynski, ordered five lashes to be given to her. On hearing this sentence the lady remonstrated, representing that she was *enchantée*, and that if the order was executed it might produce serious consequences. The only answer Rydzynski deigned to give was to increase the number of lashes to ten. Fresh remonstrances from the husband added five lashes to the punishment of the unfortunate lady, and the sentence was carried out to the letter.

THE LAST OF THE "CHARLIES."—William Anthony, who died on the 13th ult., is supposed to be the last of the "Charlies," or old watchmen. He was seventy-four years of age, and had been connected with the liberty of Norton Folgate some fifty years, first as watch for the liberty, and when the watchmen were displaced by the metropolitan police he was appointed night watchman for Spital-square, and was paid by the inhabitants of the square and others contributing weekly or otherwise. He was considered a man who had faithfully discharged his duties, and he was very careful in seeing that places were all properly fastened up at night. It is stated that no robbery is known to have occurred during his



THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT.

To realise this it is intended to give a special concert annually. Last year the same gentlemen, by similar means, were enabled to forward fifty guineas to the Lancashire Distress Fund, and from the numerous talent that have voluntarily given their services for these concerts we feel assured they will be fully able to carry out their benevolent intentions.

It may be interesting here to recapitulate briefly the operations of the National Lifeboat Institution, which has now 125 lifeboats under its management. During the past year, in addition to saving twenty-one vessels from destruction, 358 lives were rescued by the lifeboats of the society. For these services rewards amounting to £915 18s. 1d. were voted. The number of lives saved by the society's lifeboats, or by special exertions, for which it has granted rewards since its formation, is nearly 14,000. For these services eighty-two gold medals, 733 silver medals, and £17,400 in cash have been granted as rewards. The institution has also expended £76,950 on lifeboats, lifeboat transporting carriages, and boat-houses. Surely a society which has thus been productive of the greatest services in the cause of humanity will not have to appeal in vain to the public for help to enable it to continue its merciful work on our dangerous sea-board.

## THE ASSUMPTION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

THIS celebrated picture, by Rubens, of which we give an engraving in page 357, although not the greatest of that great master's works, is not without its admirers. As a work of art, it is grandly executed, and shows the exalted gift of the painter, though many have criticised the subject as not containing those elements of the religious, the poetic, and the idealistic which the Assumption of the Virgin suggests. Rubens was born at Cologne, in 1577, and died at Antwerp in 1640. His visit to Italy in 1600 had a great effect on the development of his genius. The warmth and splendour of colouring of the Venetian school roused him to successful imitation. Rubens, besides being a great painter, had talents as a diplomatist, and it was partly in a diplomatic character that he came to England in the time of Charles I, who was one of his most ardent admirers.

under the monarchy of July and the republic; so is the bell placed on the President's table; so is the table itself. The President and the members alone have changed. The house is semi-circular in form, and rises like an amphitheatre. There is a narrow desk before each member. The room is comfortably carpeted, and rather too hot to be pleasant. It looks excessively genteel, but rather gloomy. The tribune, or rostrum, which used to be placed immediately in front of the presidential throne, is now abolished, and members speak from their place—an innovation with which one great fault is to be found, that the acoustic qualities of the room are very bad. At the back of the President's curule chair the Government shorthand writers take their stand. All round the house there are a number of boxes which, so far as appearance goes, strongly remind one of the boxes at the French Plays, in King-street, St. James's, under Mr. Mitchell's rule. The smallest of these is reserved for the public; there is one reserved for the corps diplomatique (generally empty)—another belongs to the President, and is almost invariably filled with ladies—another box is reserved for the Court—another for the officers on duty—another for members of the Senate. None is reserved for the press—and the papers receive the report, cut and dry, at the hands of the official reporters. When it grows dark the house is lighted up on the same principle as our House of Commons, but as the sittings commence at three, and never last beyond half-past six, the consumption of gas is not equally great. The whole aspect of the place puts one more in mind of a court of justice in which some very tedious case is being argued than a debating assembly."

DEATH AND MARRIAGE.—A daughter of Dr. Wright, who is under sentence of death for the murder of Lieutenant Sanborn, has been, at his express desire, married in his cell to a young man to whom she had long been engaged. The doctor has had his coffin made after a peculiar pattern designed by himself—the top end is raised so as to form a chamber over the face ten inches high, and on the inner sides he fastened the photographs of all his family.—*American Paper.*

time in the night in the places under his charge. He had called up one person in the morning for thirty years, and another twenty-five years, and he was much respected by the inhabitants. Mr. Beavis lately had his photograph taken, with lantern in hand, in his old watchman's broad-brimmed hat and great coat, that he had worn for many years, and down to the last standing in front of his box. Mr. Beavis disposed of about 150 copies among the inhabitants, the profits of which he placed at the disposal of the old man in his last illness. He had saved, however, by his industry, though he had but a small income, a small amount. He died a widower.—*City Press.*

AN INCIDENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.—While Hood's division was in line of battle on Saturday, the 19th, waiting to be ordered forward, the general himself rode along the front, his hat off in token of salute, his left arm in a sling, and his noble countenance still pale from the wound received at Gettysburg. Every tongue was ready to rend the air with shouts, for Hood's men love their gallant leader, but he waved his hand for silence, lest their cheers should attract the enemy's artillery, and said, as only that good-hearted general would say, "Boys, I am glad to see you; you must whip this battle here." There was something awfully beautiful and solemnly prophetic of the issue of the day in the murmured vow, "not loud, but deep," that ran along the line, "We'll do it, general." They greeted him with the waving of their hats in the air, and when, shortly after, they were ordered to advance, they did so with the wild shouts and impetuosity characteristic of Southern blood; and the Yankees of Rosecrans's army will long remember, and as long lament, the day they first met Hood's division on the gory banks of the Chickamauga. "They conquer, but their leader fell," and when it was told "General Hood is wounded," the writer saw the eyes of many a battle-scarred veteran wet with tears. Since the death of Stonewall Jackson, the loss of no man has been so deeply deplored as that of Major-General John B. Hood. He is regarded by the soldiers as the second Stonewall Jackson of our army now. God grant that the hero may still live to fight and win his country's battles.—*Montgomery (Alabama) Mail.*





THE ASSUMPTION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. (See page 356.)



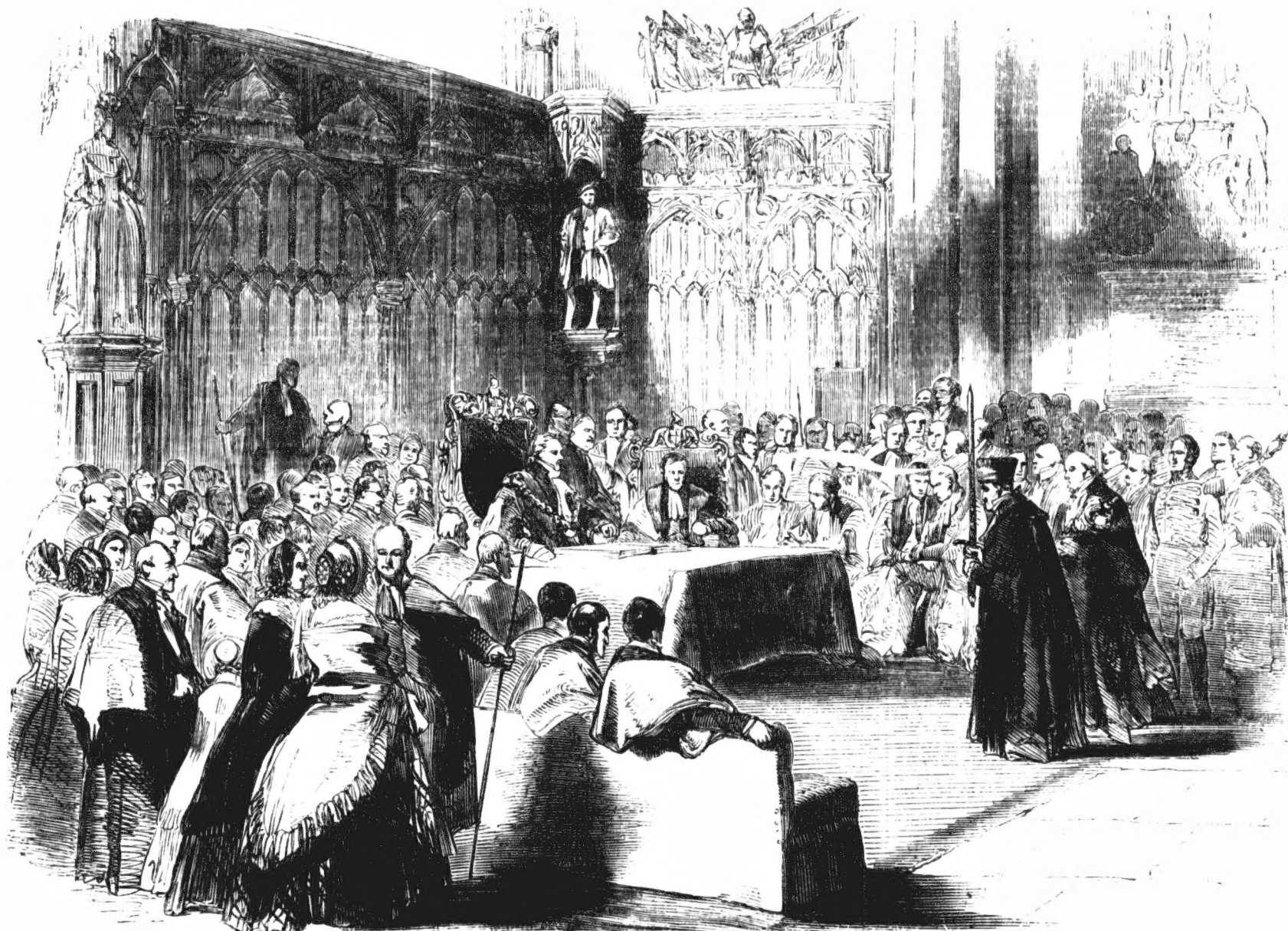


THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.—MEN IN ARMOUR. (See page 362.)





ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, LORD MAYOR. (See page 362.)



SWEARING IN OF THE LORD MAYOR (See page 362.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**—The musical world is now on the qui vive for the production of Balfe's new opera, "Blanche de Nevers," which is to be produced this evening (Saturday) for the first time. Report anticipates a favourable reception for it, but we must wait until next week before we can inform our readers whether the same has been fully realized.

**HAYMARKET**—A new comedy, under the title of "Silken Fetters" (an adaptation, by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, of Scribe's comedy, "La Chaine") was produced here on Saturday evening, with decided success. A version of this comedy has before appeared, bearing the title of "The Breach of Promise of Marriage," but the present is upon a materially different construction. The first act opens at the house of Herbert Trevanion (Mr. W. Farren), a young dramatist, who, on the strength of a successful new tragedy, is living in high style. He had come to town with only a play in his pocket, and his talents as a musician, to make his way in life. His only friend is a schoolfellow, Caleb Codicil (Mr. Charles Mathews), who has already rose to some eminence, and to him he confides the secret that weighs on his mind. Pending the production of the tragedy, Trevanion plays in the orchestra of the Ancient Concerts, where his desponding look attracts the attention of a distinguished lady, the Countess of Windermere (Mrs. Charles Mathews), by whose influence the play is brought out, and the young author suddenly achieves for himself a name. The Countess having fallen in love with him, they are married, the young author probably mistaking gratitude for a deeper passion. It appears the lady had imagined herself a widow; but, on returning from the solemnization of the nuptials, ascertains that her husband, the Earl (Mr. Howe), an admiral, had not been drowned, as reported, but is on his way home. They part, accordingly, and it is her love for the author that constitutes the "silken fetters," as they continue to correspond; and, on the return of the Earl, he also loads Trevanion with favours, thus making his position no pleasant one, particularly as his real love was for his pretty cousin, Clara Hazleton (Miss Maria Harris), who, now grown up, hopes to share his hand and fame, the sanction of her rich father (Mr. Chippendale) having been obtained. By degrees he feels that his was not love for the Countess, and tries to avoid her society as much as possible, and the one that succeeds in rendering her marked attention is a foolish coxcomb, Lord Rosedale; and a letter of his having been found by the Admiral, a challenge is the result. The Countess, fearing it is a packet of Trevanion's letters, quits the house, leaving a note requesting Trevanion to follow. This he does, with Codicil; and, in the third act, they all meet at Mr. Hazleton's, after the duel has been fought, Lord Rosedale wounded in the shoulder, and the Countess herself having taken shelter in an apartment in the same house. While in the room, she overhears from an adjoining apartment the marriage contract of Trevanion with Clara Hazleton. All her love returns; she comes forward and begs the marriage may not proceed, and ultimately urges that he will fly with her. This, however, for obvious reasons, he declines; the "silken fetters" are somewhat abruptly broken; Trevanion marries Clara, while the Countess accompanies her husband, who has been kept in profound ignorance of these affairs, to India. It will be seen from this that the plot is particularly of the French school; but, notwithstanding this, it was most heartily received, and the curtain again rose on the principal actors, who had performed throughout admirably. Another call brought on the author, Mr. Leicester Buckingham, who bowed his acknowledgments for the compliment.

**SURREY**—A new drama was produced here on Saturday evening, also from the French, translated by Mr. Voltaire, and adapted by Messrs. Shepherd and H. P. Gratton. Its title is "The Game of Life, or the Swallows of Paris;" and its plot is somewhat confused, rendering a short sketch of the same rather difficult. But to our task. The prologue introduces us to two young ladies, which is not strange, though how they could have had one child between them is decidedly so. The first young lady, it appears, is mistress to a Count Max de Treves, and the Count believing the child to be his, has returned after a long absence, determined to leave his fortune to the child, and cast off his mistress. The will has been made, when the second young lady rushes in, declaring the child is hers, and that it had been stolen, in order to foist it upon him as the father. The Count declares he will revoke his will, but ere he can do so is shot by a brother of the first, and a cast-off lover of the second lady, who believes the Count is the author of his miseries. As the will is not revoked, the property is to go to the child, but it is then discovered the child is not to be found. After the lapse of twenty years, the real mother of the child is a miserable rag-picker, while the other is living in splendour, though up to this period neither have discovered the child. She now appears on the scene as a young lady who, with her foster-brother, has come to Paris from the country, and in their wanderings fall in with the poor rag-picker, pity her, and provide her with a home. This young lady is, however, strangely recognised by a lover of the mistress of the late Count, but as she has never favoured his suit, he determines to be revenged. Through his instrumentality, and certain strange coincidences, the true mother of the girl in the rag-picker is identified, and the rag-picker herself strangely turns out to be the wife of a cousin to the Count, and is thus restored to the property. As will be readily conjectured, there is plenty of scope for situations, and these are made the most of, albeit somewhat incongruous. Mr. Shepherd as the lover, and, twenty years after, as the revengeful old miser, has certainly, in appearance, not had twenty years added to his life. In the first he is, as is usual, the lively Frenchman; and, in the second, as vigorous as he before was lively. Mr. James Dixon, the brother; Mr. Fernandez, a lawyer's clerk; the two first ladies, Miss Gordon and Miss Pauncelot; and the third young lady, by Miss Webster, and the remainder of the characters, are all well sustained. The curtain fell amidst considerable applause. The new burlesque of "Mad Fred," which abounds in smart hits, so necessary to their success, clever parodies on the popular songs, and plenty of fun, as also several really beautiful scenes, realized no end of laughter, thanks to the admirable and versatile talents of Mr. Thorne, as the hero; Miss Esther Jacobs, as Astarte; and, in fact, the whole of the performers engaged in the burlesque did their utmost to keep the fun alive.

**BRITANNIA**—There appears to be no diminution in the public taste for the love of the marvellous, if we may judge from the crowds that nightly visit this theatre to witness the wonderful ghost effect, still introduced with as much success as when it first took the public with astonishment. "The Days of Louis XV.," in which Mrs. Yarnold and Mr. Bigwood have, if possible, added to their reputation, and "The Jewess of the Temple" have been the principal attractions of the week, though the local strains of Madame Pleon, in her Swiss songs, and Paul Deulio, in his clever Ethiopian eccentricities, have not been without their attraction also.

**EFFINGHAM**—"The Chimes" still continues to be the reigning drama at this favourite East-end theatre, with "Horse-monger-lane J e" as the afterpiece. As we recently gave the plot of the first, founded upon the beautiful tale of the same title, now appearing in that popular periodical, Bow Bells, we need only now mention it is played still with the same cleverness and spirit as first characterized its production.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**—One of the most novel and interesting sights at this popular place of recreation and amusement—and the company are ever alive for fresh novelties—is Nadir's giant balloon

and car. The perilous nature of its first voyage has rendered it an object of wonder and interest to all, and few that can spare the time will regret the opportunity of witnessing this monster of aviation. The other attractions at this delightful place are too well known to need further mention.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS**—These concerts still continue to give the utmost delight to the numerous fashionable visitors at St. James's Hall. The principal instrumentalists, M. Loto, Mr. Charles Halle, and M. Pague, have been eminently successful, and the same may be said of the vocal *marceaux* of Madame Farepa and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.

### A DISPUTED ACCOUNT FOR WEDDING DECORATIONS.

In the Court of Queen's Bench was tried a case Warrington v. Sir John Pringle. This was an action to recover £45 for goods sold and work done; and the defendant paid £30 into court, and denied his liability for anything beyond that sum.

Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., and Mr. Day appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. J. J. Powell, Q.C., and Mr. T. Atkinson for the defendant.

Mr. Seymour said that the plaintiff was an artist in stained glass, and general decorator, carrying on his business in Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park. He was a person of eminence in his profession, and he received certificates of honourable mention at both the Exhibitions. The defendant, Sir John Pringle, was a gentleman of large wealth, living in Cleveland-square, and having establishments also at Dundee and the Isle of Wight. In July last a favourite daughter of Sir John was about to be married. He determined on that occasion to expend some of his wealth. It happened that on the entrance of the Princess Alexandra to London the decoration of an arch at Oxford and Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, was entrusted to the plaintiff, and this led to his introduction to Sir John Pringle shortly before the marriage of his daughter. Mr. Warrington waited upon Sir John; and Lady Pringle handed him a rough design for a transparency which she wished prepared for the centre window of the drawing-room—it was a pen and ink sketch of two Cupids holding a couple of hearts squeezed into one. (Laughter.) From this the plaintiff prepared something more artistic, and this second drawing also represented a couple of naked Cupids, each holding a heart which seemed weighed down with the weight of love. Then there were the words "May each be blessed," the monograms of the parties; and, above all, the gentleman's motto, placed there he believed at Lady Pringle's suggestion—a fir tree, with the words "Stand sure." (Laughter.) In addition to the transparency there were red roses, white roses, orange blossoms, blue satin banners; the balustrade was decorated with white roses and silver; and, indeed, the whole interior of the house was ornamented. The marriage was fixed for the 10th July, and as the silver quickly tarnished, Mr. Warrington intended to have everything complete on the 9th. This arrangement, however, was altered by the following letter from Lady Pringle:—

"29th June.  
"My daughter objects to marrying on a Friday; so I must beg of you to have your painting ready for inspection and putting up on the morning of the 8th."

The consequence of this was, that the workmen had to work overtime, and thus additional expense was incurred. When the work was finished, Sir John was delighted with it, and so afterwards were his guests. The day came and passed—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread—  
You seize the flower, its bloom is fled;  
Or like the snow-flake on the river—  
A moment white, then gone for ever."

The plaintiff sent in his account, and when he wrote for payment he received another letter from Lady Pringle:—

"6th August.  
"Lady Elizabeth Pringle's compliments to Mr. Warrington, and is rather surprised that he asks so soon for her to name her time for paying his account. It will be settled, as is her practice as to large accounts, at Christmas."

In this letter it will be observed that there was no complaint at all of the amount charged; and the plaintiff, not feeling inclined to wait any longer, brought the present action.

Mr. Justice Willes, who had early in the cause suggested that it was a matter which should be settled out of court, again interfered during the evidence by saying that the case could not be finished that day, and on Monday he should be prepared to hear a summons for a compulsory reference to arbitration.

Mr. Powell had all along expressed his willingness to agree to a reference, though after the way in which the case had been opened, he said that his client would prefer that his case should be heard in open court.

After some discussion a reference was agreed to, and the suggestion of his lordship that Mr. George Trollope, of Parliament-street, should be an arbitrator, was adopted.

A verdict was taken for the plaintiff, subject to the reference.

### THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY, AND THE LORD MAYOR.

In the last number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* appeared a full account of the festive and other proceedings of Lord Mayor's Day for 1863. This week we present our readers in page 360, with a picture illustrative of that grand annual ceremony in which the citizens of London take such pride. The Lord Mayor for the coming year is Alderman Lawrence, whose portrait appears in page 361, and whose antecedents were thus outlined by the Common Serjeant to the Lord Chief Baron:—

"The Lord Mayor's father, the late Mr. Alderman Lawrence, was a man of singular energy and intelligence, and during the course of a long life he acquired and retained the entire confidence of his fellow-citizens. To ancestral advantages the Lord Mayor elect would add personal merits and claims, and he would be the more stimulated to strenuous effort when he remembered whom he succeeded in the gown he wore. Nor had he been idle hitherto. Elected in 1855, he served the office of sheriff in 1857-58, and during his shrievalty there was celebrated the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia. After that time he became an active magistrate, and took great interest in civic affairs. He was the head of a firm carrying on an extensive business, and in that capacity had become conversant with public works. He was named by the Common Council as one of their representatives at the Metropolitan Board of Works. Having served zealously and faithfully in these capacities, he now assumed the functions of chief magistrate of the City of London."

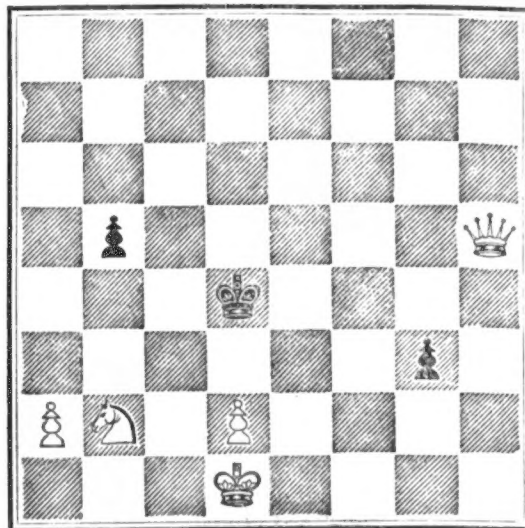
**DISCOVERY OF OLD ROMAN COINS**—A large number of Roman copper coins of very ancient date and of different reigns have been discovered in the vicinity of Old Sarum, on property belonging to Mr. John H. Campbell Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury. One jar contained no less than 218, another 159, and a third 140, the whole, together with the jars, being in a good state of preservation.

**THE ADDRESS FROM THE STUDENTS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES**—The following letter has been received by the committee of students of Edinburgh University from General Knollys, in reply to the address presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his marriage:—"Lieutenant-General Knollys is desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of an address from the students of the University of Edinburgh on the occasion of his royal highness's marriage, and to thank them very cordially for their congratulations and good wishes."

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 144.—By W. MACKENZIE, Esq. (Edinburgh).

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Second game in a match between Messrs. Penny and Rainger.

White.	Black.
F. G. Rainger, Esq.	H. F. Penny, Esq.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q 4	3. B to Q 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes Q Kt P
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to R 4
6. Castles	6. P to Q 3
7. P to Q 4	7. P takes P
8. Q to Q Kt 3	8. Q to K 2 (a)
9. P takes P	9. B to Q Kt 3
10. B to Q Kt 2	10. B to Q 2
11. B to Q B 3 (b)	11. Castles
12. Q Kt to Q 2	12. P to K B 4 (c)
13. K R to K square	13. P to Q R 3 (d)
14. P to Q R 4 (e)	14. Kt to Q Kt 4 (f)
15. Q B takes Q Kt	15. B takes B
16. Q R to Q Kt square (g)	16. P to Q Kt 4
17. Q B P takes Q Kt P	17. B to Q Kt 3
18. P takes Q R P	18. K Kt to B 3
19. P takes K B P	19. Q to K B square
20. B to K 6	20. K to Kt square (h)
21. R at K sq to Q B sq	21. P to Q 4
22. K R takes Q B P	

Black resigns.

- (a) Would not Q to K B 3 have been better?  
(b) A good move, the importance of which will be seen later in the game.  
(c) Intending to commence an attack on White, but in reality losing time.  
(d) A weak move.  
(e) The correct play.  
(f) P to Q R 4, or B to Q R 2, would have been preferable.  
(g) K R to Q Kt square we believe to be the correct line of attack.  
(h) A better move would be, B takes B, followed by Q to K 2, if White take with Pawn.

[The above problem and game have been kindly forwarded to us by Mr. Rainger.

**H. MOLSON**—We have played through the game submitted by you; but, on account of the weakness of Black's play, the *partie* is utterly valueless.

**J. B.**—In taking *en passant*, the Pawn which takes occupies the square on to which he would have played had the adverse Pawn advanced only one square.

**G. BAILEY**—The end game forwarded by you would have been well worth publication, had your really pretty solution been sound. In variation "B," however, Black can effect an earlier mate by playing 9. Kt to Q 8, 10. B to K R 4. The following moves are obvious enough.

**F. C.**—The Kt or B being, in average positions, inferior to the Rook in value, the exchange is said to be won by the player sacrificing one of the first-mentioned pieces for the Rook.

**A. BAIRD**—When no odds are given, the players must take the first move of each game alternately, drawing lots to determine who shall begin the first game. If a game be drawn, the player who began it can claim the first move of the following one.

**CANTAR**—Your problem cannot be solved in four moves, if Black play 2. B to Q B 4. Moreover, we do not see any use for the Rook which stands on Q R 8.

**J. ABBOTT**—You do not say which of the problems you wish to be published. Address as before.

## Sporting.

**SCULLER'S RACE FOR £100**—A sculler's race for £50 a side came off on Monday at Shoreham, Sussex, between Thomas Hoare, of Hammersmith, and Frederick Griggs, of Shoreham. It will be remembered that a year ago the men contested at Fishergate regatta; on that occasion Hoare was third and Griggs first, and hence the present match. The articles stipulated that the men should row in 18-ft. boats, the best they could get, not outrigger, but Hoare appeared at the starting post in a new 18-ft. wagger boat, while his opponent rowed in a *rig* built by himself. A protest was then entered that Hoare's boat was an outrigger. In the opinion of the Griggs' party the *thowls* should not extend beyond the gunwale of the boat, and should be part of the boat, otherwise the boat was an outrigger; the rowlocks in Hoare's boat being outriggered, or separate from the boat. Mr. C. Newham was referee, and the course was from the Dolphin Head at Shoreham to the schooner at Southwick, and return, a distance of four miles. Griggs held his man a quarter of a mile, and then began to fall astern, and Hoare, gradually leaving him, rounded the distance-boat a dozen lengths ahead, winning by the same number. The decision is left in abeyance, the race having been rowed under protest.



## Law and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

## GUIDE-ALL.

**WATCH THIEF WILLING TO REFORM ON CONDITIONS.**—Alexander Thomas was charged before Alderman Sidney with the following watch theft. Alfred Hall said: I was at the corner of Ludgate-hill and Farringdon-street on the afternoon of Lord Mayor's Day, when I observed the prisoner following me, and in getting in a crowd I found his hand close to my waistcoat pocket, in which I had my watch. I spoke to him, and as I did so my watch disappeared. I immediately charged him with the theft, and seized him by the collar, and another person assisted me in detaining him. I then looked to his hands, and noticed my watch lying on the ground, and on picking it up I found the ring by which it was attached to the chain had been broken away. I gave the prisoner into custody as soon as I had secured my watch. George Baker, a carpenter, said: I passed the prisoner when the prosecutor lost his watch. I saw it fall from the ground close to the prisoner's feet. Police-constable No. 212 said: When I received the prisoner into custody I told him the charge, and the only answer he made was, "The gentleman did not see me take the watch." That explanation did not satisfy me, and I therefore took him to the police-station. Alderman Sidney: It is a very clear case against the prisoner. What have you to say to the charge, and why you should be committed for trial? Prisoner: It is a bad case, I own it; but I promise it shall be a warning to me if you will only settle it here. Alderman Sidney: It is my duty to commit you for trial, and you will therefore have to convince a jury of the sincerity of your desire to reform.

## BOW STREET.

**FRUIT-LITE TO A SERVANT GIRL.**—Mrs. Sarah Hughes, who keeps a lodging-house in High Holborn, was summoned for an assault on her servant, Catherine Edwards, a Welsh girl, between thirteen and fourteen years of age. Mr. Bleigh, instructed by Messrs. Ebbett and Boscoe, conducted the prosecution, which had been instituted at the instance of the Society for the Protection of Young Women, the president of which association, the Duchess of Townshend, was in attendance. Mr. Beard defended. Mr. Bleigh said that the father of the prosecutor was dead, and that her mother resided at Llangollen, in Wales. The defendant, who had some connection with that locality, had engaged her to come to London to become her servant. She had treated her very badly for a fortnight or three weeks; but she had subsequently treated her better, and had provided the remembrance of the lodgers and that of the society president had removed her, and caused her to be properly taken care of, and had ordered these proceedings to be taken. Catherine Edwards said: I was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. In the beginning of this year the defendant came to Llangollen and made an arrangement for me to go to her service, and I came up about nine weeks back. My wages were 9s 1d a week. She keeps the upper part of two lodging houses in Llangollen. I was the only servant. She lets lodgings. At first I was treated very well. The prosecutor then went on to state that on Sunday last her mistress beat her with a cane. It was like a stick, but not very thick. It hurt her very much. She screamed as loud as she could for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. It was in the kitchen. The witness had cut herself a piece of bread, because she wanted her breakfast, and her mistress was in the room. She had not had anything to eat that day. She had cut the bread before her mistress came down. Her mistress asked who had cut the loaf. The witness at first did not like to tell her, but told her afterwards. Her mistress gave her a slap on the side of the head, and then went and fetched the cane and beat her. Mrs. Colburn, a lodger, hearing her screams, came down stairs and called her. She did not go, because her mistress would not let her out of the kitchen, but her mistress went. She did not tell Mrs. Colburn anything that day, as she could not see her, but she told her the next day what had happened. Afterwards she felt pain in her arm and side from the effect of the blows. Mr. Beard then cross-examined the girl, who said that she always told the truth, but admitted that on one occasion she had told a lie. She had never seen anything. The assault was committed between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. She had got up between seven and eight. Her mistress had complained that her face was dirty, and told her to wash it. She did not do so, because she had to clean the knives, which her mistress had previously ordered her to clean before she washed her face. She was not angry. I was immediately after that her mistress slapped her face. She screamed at the bottom of the stairs. Mrs. Colburn deposed that she lodged in the house, and on Sunday Miss Lamb, another lodger, called her attention to the screams of last witness. The child was screaming very loud. The witness went down stairs and called the child, who did not come. Mrs. Hughes came out of the kitchen. She said, "What business of yours is it?" and shook her fist. The witness said, "Don't shake your fist at me, you horrid wretch!" Miss Lamb, the other lodger, deposed that she also heard the screams. Mr. Beard would venture to say that the society had been misled on this occasion, and that it would be better if Lord Townshend had made inquiries of Mrs. Hughes when he was at her house in which case these proceedings would probably not have been taken. The child was disobedient and ill-conducted, and the chastisement, though it might legally amount to an assault, was only such as might be inflicted by a parent, and that was far better than discharging her for misconduct when so far from her friends. Mr. Corrie did not think it was a case calling for a heavy penalty. There was clearly an assault, and he should inflict a small fine of 20s, merely to vindicate the law. It was very desirable that the public should know that there was a society which kept guard over friendless girls like the prosecutor, and that such persons could not be ill-treated with impunity; but he should not for that reason inflict a heavier penalty than the justice of the case would warrant.

## WESTMINSTER.

**ADVANTAGE OF GOOD CHARACTER.**—A very respectable, hard-working looking man, 25 years of age, who gave his name James Payne, was placed at the bar, charged with going to the South Kensington Museum, and there committing himself with a view of committing a robbery. Police-constable 61 B said that at eight o'clock on Saturday night he was on duty at the South Kensington Museum, when on passing through the trades department he observed a shadow under a stall where there are some furs, and upon closer observation he discovered the prisoner concealed on the floor. He immediately took him into custody. Mr. Partridge: What did he say? Witness: He said he had lost a pencil-case there on the Monday previous, and was looking for it when I secured him. Mr. Partridge: Were there many people at the Museum at the time you took the prisoner? Witness: Yes, a great many. Mr. Partridge: What did he appear to be doing when you first saw him? Witness: He was sitting in the position of a tailor, and as soon as he saw me he crawled out. Mr. Partridge: Has he given any account of himself? Witness: He said he was a labourer at the Great Western Railway, and gave his address. Mr. Partridge: Did you make any inquiries about the truth of these statements? Witness: I did, and they are both correct. Police-constable 280 B: I saw the prisoner on Monday last on the floor on his hands and knees at the Museum. Mr. Partridge: What did he say then? Witness: He said he had dropped his pencil-case, and was looking for it. Mr. Partridge: Was there anything lying about near where you saw him that he could steal? Witness: Nothing. Prisoner: The pencil-case was given to me by a particular friend, and I very much prized it in consequence. I went to the South Kensington Museum on Monday, and while I was there and taking something out of my pocket, I dropped the pencil-case and tried to find it, but could not. I was unable to go again until Saturday, when I thought I would have another look for the pencil-case, when I was taken into custody. I had no idea of stealing anything, and have my uncle here to prove what my character is. John Askill the uncle, said that the prisoner had throughout his life borne the highest character. Mr. Partridge: The officer did perfectly right in taking you into custody, prisoner; but it is just possible that your account may be true—that you had dropped your pencil-case and were searching for it. It is a case of suspicion, but there is no evidence on which I can detain you. You see the advantage of a good character. You are discharged.

## CLERKENWELL.

**MALE FOOT-PADS.**—Elizabeth Brown and Mary Ann Williams were charged with violently assaulting Mrs. Sarah Morris of 132, Blackfriars-road, and stealing from her person a gold ring, a shawl, and a mantle, at Farringdon-street, Clerkenwell. The prosecutor was so weak from the liquor she had received that she nearly fell out of the witness-box, and she was allowed to be seated at the collectors' table. She gave her evidence in great pain. She said: This morning, between one and two o'clock, I was returning home from Aldgate-street, Clerkenwell, along the Farringdon-road. By the side of the dead wall of the Metropolitan Railway I passed those two women. They followed me, and before I had passed far I was assailed from a man and a woman behind. I got up as soon as I could, and was again knocked down. I was first thrown down by a violent push, and then by a kick. When I got up I turned round and saw the two prisoners. The prisoner Brown knocked me down, and while I was on the ground Brown tried to pull my ring off. Brown then kicked me in the face and cut it. I received several blows in the face; I got a desperate encounter with these two women. The prisoners ultimately got

off my ring. They pulled off my clock and shawl and got them away, with my brooch. I got hurt about the head and body, and I am so unwell that I could scarcely get to the police-court this morning. Had it not been for the arrival of the police I should have been murdered. Police-constable R. Shirley, 121 G, said: About half-past two o'clock this morning I was on duty in the Farringdon-road. I heard scuffling and cries for help, and "Police," as if coming from the side of the railway wall. I hastened to the spot, and saw the prosecutor lying on the ground and the prisoners leaving over her. As soon as I approached the two prisoners hastened away. Another constable and myself followed and captured them. The prosecutor had received severe injuries. She was bleeding from the mouth. One of her teeth was loosened, and her cheek was cut and bleeding. She was very much exhausted, and could hardly speak. Her bonnet was off and her clothes were very much torn. Her hair was hanging down her back and her face was covered with mud and blood. The complaint was quite sober. I asked her what was the matter, and she said: "That woman," pointing to the prisoner Williams, "has got my ring." Williams heard what the prosecutor said to me. The prisoner Brown said to the other prisoner: "Give up her ring, and have no more about it." I looked into her hand, but I could not find the ring. At the same time I saw the prisoner drop the shawl from under her dress on the footpath. The prosecutor's cloak was lying about a yard from where the prosecutor was standing. We brought the prisoners to the police-station and they were sober. When the prisoners were in the cells I heard Brown call out to the other prisoner, "We shall get 'fauled' for this," meaning that they would be committed for trial. The prosecutor was in such a weak state that I had to assist her to the police-station. The prisoners declined to ask the witnesses any questions. Mr. D'Eyncourt remanded the prisoners for a week.

**CAPTIVE OF HOUSEBREAKERS.**—William Watson and John Hardy, both of whom gave false addresses, were charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with feloniously attempting to enter the dwelling-house 16, Great James-street, Bedford-row, with intent to commit a felony. Mr. Ricketts, of Frederick-street, Gray's-inn-road, attended for the prisoners. From the evidence it appeared that on Sunday the prisoners were seen loitering about Great James-street, and when they thought that they were not perceived Hardy got over the railings, and down into the area. The other prisoner kept watch, and abused a boy who was watching their movements. Hardy, finding that he could not gain admittance to the house, walked away. They were followed and given into custody of Police-sergeant Wheeler, 18 E, who took them in charge. Watson said that he did not think there was much harm in looking through the area railings, and said that the other prisoner had fallen over them, but that was impossible, as the railings were over five feet high. He searched both, but did not find any house-breaking implements on them. The prisoners had plenty of time to dispose of anything they pleased from the time they left the area until they were taken. It was evident that the windows and skylight in the area had been attempted to be opened, as the marks of fingers were very D'Eyncourt remanded the prisoners, but refused to accept bail.

## WORTH STREET.

**MORE FRIENDLY SOCIETY'S EXPOSURE.**—Henry Collins, a respectable-looking young man, dressed in a braided uniform, and described as of Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey, was charged with embezzling various sums, the property of the treasurer and trustees of the Royal Victoria Friendly Sick and Assurance Society, whose offices are at No. 5, Triangle, Hackney. Mr. Best (retained by Mr. Abbott) appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Carpenter, of the firm of Makinson and Co., for the defence. Mr. Best said the defendant had been appointed one of the collectors of this association, and that it was his duty to receive the weekly subscriptions of the members residing in his district, enter the same on the members' cards, and again in a book kept for that purpose, and account to the secretary for the whole collection at the end of each week. He left the association in July, 1862, but he was again employed in the February following, and continued in his situation. He received 6s per week as salary, and was also allowed 25 per cent. commission upon all he collected. He resigned, however, and it was found out that there were great defalcations in his accounts. Mr. John Lawrence, managing secretary to the association, deposed to monies not having been paid over by the prisoner to him. This witness, who complained of a number of the collectors having treacherously gone over to rival societies, underwent a severe cross-examination by Mr. Carpenter. The latter put in various documents and prospectuses issued by the society, and in particular a last copy of the revised rules, one of which was pointed out to be, that if a member within two years of joining died of any one of between twenty or thirty diseases specified, he or she should be deprived of the funeral allowance, and the subscriptions returned with 5 per cent. interest. The other was, that if the society's funds became reduced below certain amounts, sums from 5 to 50 per cent. should be deducted from the funeral donation. The witness was asked whether, while in one of their reports the guaranteed capital of the society was officially stated at £33 only, one of the prospectuses issued had not set it forth as £22,500, and one of the cards issued to the members at £4,500; and if either of the smaller amounts was the correct sum, what had become of the £20,000? Mr. Best said it had all been embezzled by the servants; but the witness replied that he knew nothing about that, as the largest amount had been published as the guaranteed capital before he was appointed, though he might say something about the £2,500. This was no scheme of his, but he would not swear that there was ever at any one time during his management, as much as £30 invested at a banker's as, in fact, there was never a penny. He and the bankers of the society were in reality the Post-office savings banks. If money was due to members of the society they not only might expect to receive it, but had done so, and he did not know that hundreds of members had complained that they had not received their money. A large handbill had certainly been published, with complaints of collectors and others, and stating that Mr. Tidd Pratt and the late Lord Mayor Cubitt complained of the use the society had made of their names, but the people mentioned in it were all connected with a rival society. He had himself laid out £700 in this society, and others had done the same thing, and the whole of that was now gone. He had paid the defendant 25s. per week for the first twelve months out of his own pocket, because he was looking out for something for himself; but it was not usual to pay 25 per cent. commission to collectors besides a salary; it was only the thieves in three rival societies who did so, and that for the purpose of deceiving and buying out members from his and other properly conducted associations. The defendant had received 6s per week salary as well as his commission, and because the former was discontinued, he went over to one of these rival societies which still paid it, and destroyed the cards of nearly all the members whose subscriptions he had collected. The depositions were then taken, and the defendant committed, but bail in the interim was accepted and put in, the prisoner himself in £20, and one surety in £10.

## THAMES.

**THE FRUGAL MAN AND THE SPENDTHRIFT.**—Henry Scanes, aged 31, a shipwright, and Naomi Scanes, 21, his wife, were brought before Mr. Partridge charged with stealing forty-five sovereigns, the property of George William Stinson, a lump trimmer. The prosecutor and the prisoners have for some time past occupied apartments on the same floor in the dwelling-house No. 80, Lower John-street, Sutton-street, Commercial-road, East. Stinson is a very frugal man, and had saved £55, consisting of forty-five sovereigns, and a £10 Bank of England note. The gold was contained in one bag and the note in another, and both were deposited in a large chest which were kept under his bed. He saw his gold for the last time on the 15th of October. A few days since the prosecutor's sister-in-law, dwelling in the same house, hinted to him that the prisoners who had hitherto been apparently in great poverty, and were known to spend their earnings very fast, had been purchasing new clothing, indulging in luxuries to which they had not been accustomed, and had been to the opera, going to and returning from the theatre in a cab. The prosecutor was also recommended to look to his money and a certain if it was safe. On Thursday evening week he went to his box and found the lock had been tampered with. On opening the box he missed his forty-five sovereigns. The note had not been disturbed. The prosecutor in the first instance suspected his sister-in-law, and charged her with the theft, which she indignantly denied. On the following Friday the robbery of the gold was talked about in the house, and the female prisoner, who appeared to be much confused, said she was very ill, and made an excuse for going to the water-closet. She was followed by Mercy Stinson, the sister-in-law, and another female named Caroline Nunn, who heard something like money drop into the pan of the water-closet, and exclaimed, "There goes George's sovereigns." Directly afterwards Mrs. Scanes obtained a pail of water for the purpose of throwing down the water-closet. The other females requested her not to do it, but she persisted, and the pail of water was thrown into the pan. Prisoners were arrested by Robert Smith, a police-constable No. 253 K, who pulled up the water-closet, and found a key in the tips under the pan. This key was applied to the lock of the prosecutor's chest, and opened it with the greatest ease. The doubtful ascertained that Mrs. Scanes had purchased a new dress, new bonnet, and other articles of female wearing apparel, a new coat for her husband and other articles. A waistcoat and trousers in a paper parcel in the same state as when it left a tailor's shop were found in the prisoner's room. Mrs. Scanes exhibited a blue purse, which she said contained half-sovereigns, to Caroline Nunn and her mother. The purse was not forthcoming when the prisoners were taken into custody. Mrs. Scanes told a good many stories at the station-house, and among other things said her husband gave her 6s. on Friday, afterwards she declared he gave her £1 10s., and lastly said he gave her no money at all. On the male prisoner,

being searched, £2 13s. 7d. was found. He urged in defence that he was quite innocent of the robbery, and said that shipwrights earned a good deal of money, that he received £4 15s. for a week's work and over-hours on Friday, the 6th inst., and £2 7s. on Friday, the 13th, being in all £2 2s., which he had given to his wife to expend for their mutual benefit. Mr. Partridge said there was a case of strong suspicion against Mrs. Scanes, and he should remand her for a week. He would allow the male prisoner to go at large on entering into his own recognizance. Henry Scanes asked the magistrate to take bail for his wife, who had an infant at her breast. Mr. Partridge: Yes, I will take bail; two sureties of £3 each, and herself in £60.

**JUVENILE GAMBLING.**—Emma Shearsby, a woman about 40 years of age, and keeping a sweatshop in Anthony street, St. George's-in-the-East, was brought before Mr. Woolrych charged with having gambling implements in her possession. Robert Smith, a police-constable No. 253 K, said in consequence of repeated complaints Mr. Howie, superintendent of the K division, directed him to watch the prisoner's shop. He saw forty-four children, between the ages of five and twelve years, enter the prisoner's shop in the course of two hours on Saturday evening to play a game with the dolly on the prisoner's counter. He then looked through the window, and saw little children gambling and the prisoner dealing out nuts and sweetmeats. He went into the shop and seized the gambling implements. The witness then produced what is popularly known as a dolly, consisting of a piece of wood painted with many colours, the interior of which was cut out in the form of a spiral staircase. There was a board on which about forty numbers were painted, and a marble being dropped in the inside of the dolly rolled down on to the board, and upon whatever number it fell the player was entitled to as many nuts, and drops, or sugar plums, never exceeding in value a halfpenny, although there would sometimes be six players, at a halfpenny or a penny each. The other instrument was like a roulette board on a small scale, a pea being substituted for a ball. The circle was divided into red and black spaces, with numbers on each, excepting two blanks. If the pea alighted on a blank, the player was declared entitled to nothing. Mr. Woolrych observed there were sixteen numbers against two blanks; the odds were not in favour of the proprietor of the board. Smith explained that the prisoner could call out a blank or any number she liked, and the board was above the children's heads. Sometimes six children would stake a halfpenny each, and the one whose pea fell on the highest number would be declared the winner of three pennyworth of sweetmeats, but not more than one pennyworth was given. The same thing happened with the marble rolled down the dolly. He saw a great many children come out of the prisoner's shop crying because they had lost their halfpence and pence. Inspector Aulton of the K division said the parents of children and others had sent letters to him complaining of the nuisance, and that children had stolen money to play with the dolly. The Rev. G. H. M. Gill, the incumbent of Christ Church, Watney-street, had also written to him, and the rev. gentleman had truly said that the morals of children were contaminated by the prisoner's gambling shop. The prisoner said that her husband was a painter, and not having much work to do she set up the dolly to obtain a living, and whatever number the pea or the marble fell upon she was always the loser and the children winners. (A laugh.) The people who wrote the letters were not parents of the children, but kept sweetmeat shops in the same neighbourhood, and were jealous of her success. Mr. Woolrych said it was a mischievous and pernicious thing to encourage children to gamble, and defraud them of their fatherings and halfpence. The prisoner was a very wicked woman. He sentenced her to pay a fine of £3 or be imprisoned fourteen days, and ordered the gambling instruments to be destroyed.

**EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE CONVICT.**—John Wilmot, a man about 30 years of age, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with attempting to steal a gun, with stealing a gold watch, value ten guineas, and with assaulting Francis Middleton, a pawnbroker's assistant. Middleton stated that on Saturday night, at a quarter to eleven o'clock, he was outside the shop of Messrs. Dicker and Scarlett, pawnbrokers jewellers, and salesmen, in Hertford-place, Commercial-road, and saw a man endeavouring to take down a valuable gun, three feet within the doorway. The prisoner was standing outside in front of the door. As he approached the shop the prisoner gave warning to his confederate, and said "Come away, come away." He called Messrs. Dicker and Scarlett, and told the two men to leave on which the prisoner gave utterance to a volley of threats and abuse. The prisoner was going away, and on attempting to stop him the prisoner struck him a violent blow on the ear with his fist. The prisoner: Was I not very drunk? Mr. Middleton: No, not at first. When you were given into custody you appeared to be drunk. Mr. William Hinford, salesman to Dicker and Scarlett, gave evidence in confirmation. Mr. Morris Moser, watchmaker and jeweller of No. 7, Langley-place, Commercial-road, said the prisoner came into his shop at half-past five o'clock, and said he wanted to buy a good lever watch. Several were shown to him, and at last a gold lever watch was put into his hands. The prisoner looked at it for a short time, and then ran away with the watch. He pursued the prisoner, but was stopped by two men in the road, who put their hands before him, and cried out, "What is the matter?" and permitted the prisoner to escape. The gold watch was valued at ten guineas. Samuel Tobitt, No. 211 H, was on duty in Back Church-lane, Whitechapel, on Saturday evening at half-past five o'clock, and saw the prisoner running. He gave chase to him and overtook him. He said to the prisoner, "What is the matter, Jack?" to which the prisoner replied, "Nothing. I have only given the old woman a smack on the face." He kept the prisoner in custody for a quarter of an hour; and was surrounded by a rough and disorderly mob. At last he released the prisoner, and said, "Mind, Jack, I know you." The prisoner said, "Yes; I know you do. It's all right." At half-past eleven o'clock he saw the prisoner in the station-house again, and immediately recognised him. The prisoner was a ticket-of-leave convict, and had been convicted of felony several times. Police-sergeant Barnes, No. 10 H, said the prisoner's time would not expire until March next. Mr. Woolrych remanded the prisoner for a week, and gave directions to the police to inform the Home Secretary of the prisoner's apprehension.

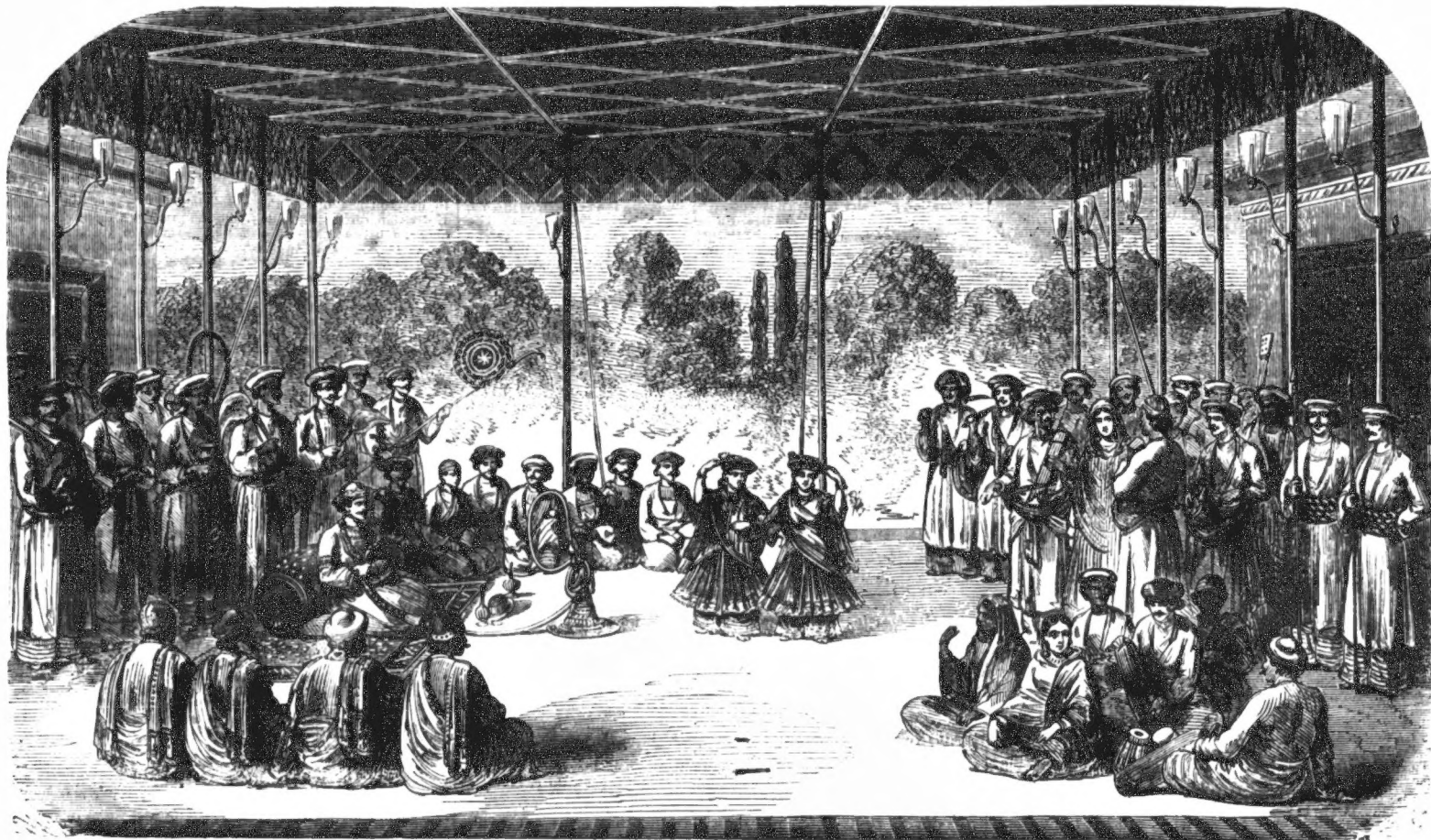
## SOUTHWARK.

**FEVER DENS.**—The owners of three small houses situated at the water-side, in the parish of Bermondsey, were summoned before Mr. Burcham by order of the vestry, for neglecting to have proper supplies of water to each house, and to put them in a proper state for human habitation. The first case entered into was against the owner of Nos. 1 and 2, Salisbury-street. Mr. O'Brien, the sanitary inspector, said that in consequence of information he received, he visited those houses in the early part of October, and found them in a filthy state. The privies were under the staircase and in a most terrible state. They were ruinous, and the filth was flowing about the floor. There was no water supply, and nothing to carry off the overflow. The walls were also filthy and the fronts of the houses required attending to. Mr. Burcham asked whether they were inhabited. Mr. O'Brien replied that they were, with very poor people, who paid enormous rent for such places. Dr. Parker, the medical officer of health for Bermondsey, said he visited the houses several times with Mr. O'Brien, and he corroborated his testimony as to their state. He further added that fever to an alarming extent abounded in that neighbourhood, and such filthy habitations were liable to create all kinds of fevers and diseases. The houses ought to be cleaned immediately, proper water-closets built, with water-butts and supply of water to each house. The owner of the houses here said that they only let for 6s. a week, and he had to pay £12 10s. a year ground rent for each. Mr. Burcham told him he could not help that. He must abate the nuisance or the whole neighbourhood would be poisoned. He ordered that the houses should be put in a healthy and habitable state immediately. The owner of No. 2, Little Foxlove-street, was next charged with a similar offence. Dr. Parker said that fever was spreading in that neighbourhood, and the house required a privy, drain, water, and the yard to be paved, as filth accumulated there. The smell when he entered the house was so offensive that he could hardly stand it. Mr. Burcham made an order for the necessary work to be done immediately.

## LAMBETH.

**A BAD BEGINNING.**—Walter Peake, a little fellow only 14 years of age, was charged with robbing a girl of the till of his mistress. From evidence adduced in the case, it appeared that six months ago the prisoner had been apprenticed to Mrs. Maria Floxton, a widow lady, carrying on the business of a draper in the Old Kent-road, and his mistress, having some reason to suspect he was robbing her, called in the assistance of Hame, a detective officer of the P division. That officer marked nine penny pieces on that morning and gave them to the prisoner in payment of some small articles, and of this sum he put threepence into his own pocket, upon which he was taken into custody. On searching his box, the officer discovered that he was not only a little thief, but an ardent lover, and in correspondence with a little girl two or three years his senior. He also found on him a note dated and directed to the girl, which he, the officer, handed to Mr. Norton. It ran as follows:—"34 Old Kent-road, Nov. 13, 1863—"Dearest Isabella—I take the liberty of asking you this question. Do you want me as a sweetheart? If you do, you need not be shy about it; you, as usual, were up to your ears in love on Saturday night. You know the young lady who served you that night. She saw you laugh at me in the shop. Tell me whether you do in earnest want me, because if you do, say so, and you can have me—Believe me truly yours in faith and friendship—WALTER PEAKE." The prosecutor said it was not her wish to press her charge. His friends were very respectable, and all she desired was that he might be detained for their attendance. Mr. Norton thought this was the best course, and remanded the little fellow to a future day.





"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—INDIAN NAUTCH. (See page 366.)



HIGHLAND JESSIE OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.—HOG-HUNTING IN INDIA. (See page 366.)





"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—RAJPOTS. (See page 367.)



"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—HINDOO LADIES. (See page 367.)



## Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;  
OR,  
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.  
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.CHAPTER VI.  
THE LOTUS.

THE next morning, when Clive did not appear on parade, and when it was remarked that the doctor did not look as brisk and alive as he usually did, a soft-footed messenger, devotion in every ray of his black-black eyes, came quietly and unremarked to Clive's quarters. He took a lotus, the water-lily of India, from his breast, where, by some means, he had kept it fresh, and gave it to one of the numerous servants about St. Maur's premises.

A few moments, and he stood in the officer's presence. The dark bright eyes looked eagerly about for the flower, and not seeing it, he smiled within his soul, though no smile appeared upon his face; for now he knew that there was love between his master and the serfinghee—he was sure the flower lay hidden in the breast of Clive's coat.

"Who sends you?"

"Lotus."

"Wherefore?"

"I know not. I was but to bring the lotus (here the slave stooped his head, for the lotus is the sacred flower),—I was but to bring this flower to the sahib."

That evening, when the sun was setting, he stood in the cleft of the wall surrounding the garden of the old temple, watching her coming.

The sun was casting quickly long shadows on the earth, and that solemn time of nature in the day had arrived, which seems the death of the light and the quickening of the darkness. The day-birds were silent, the fire-flies not yet fitting in the blackening air.

Very swiftly the twilight was passing, as it ever does in India.

She came so lightly at last, that he did not hear her footstep and only knew she was near him by the white glistening of her dress.

He did not leap into the garden. No, he was too lost in love for that. Love makes noble cowards of brave men—paralyzes them sometimes, and forbids them to move. The lover cannot stir when he sees his dear mistress near him, if he has not yet learnt that he may love. He fears to advance, and yet feels an agony of jealous doubt, even of himself, while standing motionless.

He trembled in every limb, and he felt his lips quivering as though they had been struck. He seemed, too, as though he was reeling, and he heard the beating of his heart.

She passed, and was once more out of sight.

Then the fear came upon him that perhaps she had left the garden again, and that he should not again see her.

With this fear almost stilling the rapid movement of his heart, he passed through the gap in the earthen wall into the garden, and peered eagerly about.

She was sitting in exactly the same spot upon which he had remarked her reposing the first time he saw her, only twenty-four hours since; and yet it seemed to him that he had known her for an immense period.

He moved lightly forward, but he saw that she heard him.

He did not go close to her, but stopped some paces short of her presence. So he remained for some minutes, quite unknowing what to do.

Such is the true influence of pure love. People may laugh and say no, but honest-minded men are so thoroughly moved by the influence of the great passion of this life, that it would be well for these people to induce themselves not to laugh, but to smile and say, "Yes, this is so." For, if love is made up as much of pain as joy, it is pain which leaves a sweet memory, and he who has it not leads a barren life.

Clive, we say, stopped some minutes, scarcely knowing what to do.

Was she aware of his presence? Yes, she had been watching his approach. With what feelings? Half of love, half of hate; the first of indecribable passion and yearning towards the young Englishman, as to one of those to whom she belonged; the other half of anger and repulsion—thinking of him as one of the monstrous enemies of her people.

It may be asked, how did she account to herself for this extreme contradiction in her soul? Easily enough. The Brahmans, more ardently than any race in India, believe in the transmigration of souls. That is to say, their creed teaches them that every human soul passes into many bodies, which are destroyed before this soul ultimately rises to heaven, and to Brahme, the Great Tri-God of Creation. Thus Lota easily accounted for her feelings by supposing that in some previous state of existence she owed love or gratitude to several or to many Englishmen.

She did not turn her head, and though half the expression of her face was hateful, she still felt hurt that he did not speak.

At last he called to her, "Lota!"

To him his voice did not seem his own—it appeared to be away from him and illusory, and yet the reality of the scene about him was so great that it was too intense almost for endurance.

The word floated through the air so gently, and it fell so sweetly upon Lota, that, as if by magic, the cruel look upon the lower part of her face vanished, and she became wholly beautiful.

She turned her head, slightly smiled, and then once more she sat as she had appeared when she knew he was gazing on her. As she resumed this position, her eyes met the glances of the Nana. The Indian was well concealed in the dark verdure about him; but Lota easily enough marked the dark, cruel glittering eyes.

A shock thrilled her as she met those cruel eyes, after glancing at those of the Englishman. There seemed such a wide difference between them: those of the Englishman were so candid and kind; those of the Indian so furtive and remorseless.

Clive hesitated for a few moments, and then slowly came forward. He who had but two previous days been as free as the air itself, now seemed to be chained in doubt and half despair.

"Lota!"

"The Sahib is true—for once," said she, pointing to a mat near her, and motioning him to be seated.

She did not frown as she uttered these words, for she had learnt her lesson well—the lesson which ran, "Lota, you frown before the Englishman—this must not be. Smile, sister, smile; even if there be death in their mouths. Curb your head; our women should love them—marry them; abjure our faith to creep near them; for, my Lota, the serpent, when it lies on the breast, can bite into the heart!"

"Have you found us English untrue?"

"I—so Others—yes."

"Were they true?"

"I know not," said Lota; and she wondered, as she found her voice gentle, with little exertion on her part. "But I bow when I am taught, and I have learnt the lesson that you English are cruel!"

"You have learnt wrong, Lota," said Clive, very calmly, and speaking as though to utter the truth before Lota must be followed by her belief in his words. "And remember," he continued, "that your Indian tribes when free of us English, are always warring with each other, while under our rule you are at peace."

She frowned as she heard the word "rule," but smiled again at the word "peace," though at the same time she trembled as she heard the leaves of the trees, behind which the Indian was concealed, start. The Indian had flinched, as though stricken by the Englishman's words; for he knew the young officer had uttered the purest and sweetest argument in favour of the right and mercy of British rule in India. His right hand crept to his waist, and felt the handle of the long knife of well-tempered steel he wore. Then he remained immovable, crouching down something like a tiger, waiting for the safest moment at which to spring upon an unconscious and approaching victim.

"England and India should be friends," continued Clive; "and also you and I."

"We should join hands, should we not?" asked Lota, as the cruel smile dominated her lips.

Clive felt the power of the permission, and took the small, delicate hand which lay near him in both his own.

Do you remember that first touch of love, O reader? Do you recall how a thrill like a sweet contagion passed from your hand along the arm, throbbled the entire breast, and leapt into the beating heart, there to find a life-long home? Do you remember how eyes met eyes, and how they spoke more than all the weak words framed and fashioned by man to convey our loving thoughts in whispered words?

In that moment your destinies were settled. Or, if you do not remember that time, which comes once, and will never return, perchance you have that unspeakable happiness to come. You await that moment when, literally in that space of time, your life is fixed—when truly in that moment you will experience a very lifetime of pleasure and hope—that moment when the hands touch with passionate love, and the eyes meeting tell their owner's secret far more truly than all the wealth of words in our language. Words—what are they worth in love? What is the envelope of the letter itself worth? Naught. It is the letter itself which is invaluable. Ah, well! In love, words are the envelope, and love itself is the letter.

Clive had no need to speak in order to know whether he was to hope or despair. He had read the great glance.

Ay, and it was a glance clearer than any hypocrisy could make it. The Indian behind the tree, or any watcher beyond him in the temple garden, might have wondered at, or have even been suspicious of, the look Lota bestowed upon the pleading face of the Englishman. She herself marvelled at the joy she felt as she looked upon him, and her heart beat as she asked herself, "Is Lota betraying Lota?"

For a few moments Clive said naught, and passed them in gazing, with a whole wealth of love upon his face, into the countenance and before the drooped eyes of the Indian girl, Lota.

Then he spoke.

"Lota, I love you. I know I see you but for the second time. I know how mad and impossible my words seem, but they are as true as the bright earth about us. What can I say more?—what can I find more endearing to say to you than I love you, I love you? There was a blank in my heart—and you have filled it. There was a yearning far away—a way to I know not what; now it seems merged in you. It does not seem to me that I have known you only so short a time as two poor days. I feel as though I had lost you years ago, and had daily sought for, and at last found you. All the world seems to have ebbed away from me but you. All my world has changed to you. I cannot comprehend that you have any relationship apart from me. It seems as though we were all in all to each other—as though we were alone, like our first father and mother, and that we live the one for the other. See you, I am pouring out my whole heart to you and without fear. Lota, do you think you can love me?—do you love me? If not, I shall pass into a blankness, to be changed only for the greater blank of the grave. If you do not love me, henceforth the sky will be dark, the air heavy, the trees will even drop before my eyes, and I shall but mark their withered leaves fluttering dead and useless to the ground. The sighing of the wind will seem to mock my sighs, and the babbling of the waters will seem to me a thing prattling of my wretchedness. You are an Indian, and therefore fear my race; but yet to me you appear to be one of my own countrywomen, with English love, and truth, and gentleness suffusing your breast. Speak Lota—do you love me?"

Throughout this half-hopeful, half-desolate appeal, Lota's face had changed with wonderful varieties of expression. Hope, astonishment, doubt, pity, were all combined, or rather each quality followed so rapidly upon her features that all seemed combined, though as separate as good and evil. But, as he ceased, the expression of her face was one of extreme and touching pity.

She had learnt her lesson of deception well, indeed, if thus far she could carry hypocrisy. She had been an apt student in the cruel Indian school of cunning, if the quivering lip, bright, fearful eyes, and faltering throat were indeed deceptions. She had learnt the words of her lesson well, and she uttered them.

"Do you love me?" were the last words of his appeal.

For a few moments she deferred her answer, as though her emotion was too great for utterance. Even the watching Sreenath thought she played her part well, and a second watcher knew she did.

This was Lota's answer:—

"Hush! you know it."

The next moment, he had folded her in his arms.

The lesson she had learnt was composed of the dearest words she could attain. Can there be sweeter words in the ear of the lover than the gentle admission to his passionate inquiry, "Do you love me?" than "Hush! you know it." The word "hush!" so modestly spoken, and so gentle; the following phrase so true, cordial, and confiding, form the sweetest confession of woman's love ever uttered. It is almost a wickedness to print it.

For an hour he sat by her. Few words were spoken. He held her loosely in his arms, for the true lover, after the first deep moment of his dear mistress's confession, holds her in too earnest a reverence to press her form. He but keeps his arm lightly about her, to tell the maiden it is henceforth to be her protection, and also that she may as lightly cushion her gentle head upon his breast.

So an hour passed, the dearest, sweetest, purest hour in the lives of a man and woman—if we except the glorious hour when they look upon their first child, and say "We are three."

When Clive rose to leave Lota, he kissed her right hand.

Let us pass by that separation, saying only that somehow Lota looked desolate as Clive's step departed in the distance. Surely she could not carry in hypocrisy to such a pitch as this?

She was still in that posture she assumed after he had left her, watching the spot where she had last seen him when the Nana Sahib stood near her.

"You have done well, sister," he said.

"Have I, Nana?" she asked; and as she spoke she shrank from him.

"Too well!" a voice echoed—a fierce woman's voice.

The next moment a woman, a very pythoness in her quiet rage and fierce patience, stood before her.

"Vengha!" said Lota, in a kind of cry.

"Vengha!" repeated the woman; and, as she spoke, she flung out her arms. "VENGHA!"

## CHAPTER VII.

## VENGHA.

EACH evening Clive St. Maur stole away from his quarters, and immediately after the dinner was over, to the garden of the old splendid temple, south of the station (a).

(a) A city or town in India where a regiment is stationed is always called a station.

His old haunts he seemed to have quite deserted. Not one of his brother officers, Philip Effingham alone excepted, knew of the engrossing object of his affections, and the fellows supposed that by keeping so much "c-l-l-l-d up," as the Indian slang goes, he was trying to be economical. Some said he was going to marry, and others said he was going to the deuce, and amongst those was Phil himself; but no man asked him the cause of his retirement from the company of "ours," and of his apparent solitude, for Indian officers were, and are, gentlemen, whatever may be proven to the contrary; and a man is not interfered with and bullied if he wish to take a road which is not that chosen by the majority of his brother officers.

Almost every night for a fortnight Clive saw the beautiful Indian girl; and it is a strange fact and one that should not be lost to the notice of the reader, that even in that short time she had all the real accent came so naturally to her that she had but to hear to acquire it.

Doctor Phil Effingham strove very hard against what he called to call Clive's "gone coonism," and doctor-like he proposed cure of air.

"You run up to Simla," he said; "a cool hill-station would do you all a world of good, and you'd come back with a stiff upper lip once more."

But Clive St. Maur refused the proposal of banishment to a hill-station.

Then Phil thought of the pleasures of the field—those friendly helps to the Englishman, whereby he got rid of many, many weary hours.

"Clive," says he, breaking into the other fellow's bungalow, for all the world like a wind—"Clive, ours are out for a hog-hunting; join 'em—a good gallop and the chance of a spear-ward will wake you up, and the lord knows you want waking up, try the hog-hunting!" (b)

But Clive would have nothing to say to the hog-hunting.

But Doctor Phil Effingham was not to be put off with a solitary refusal.

Next day he had another idea.

"Come and have a glorious fish in the river—fish have been seen in plenty off the ghaut."

No; Clive would not fish.

And then that same night the doctor really thought he had suited St. Maur's books.

"St. Maur," said he, "there's a nautch (c) on at the Nana's. Anyhow, you'll come to the nautch."

But it is to be feared that Clive St. Maur dash-dashed the nautch. It is certain he did not go to that entertainment. On the fifteenth day after his second meeting with Lota, Clive started upon his usual evening pilgrimage by the south and native quarter of the city, in order that he might avoid notice (for the native quarter of an Indian town is rarely visited by the white race). And so accustomed by this time were the natives of the streets through which he passed to see him about sunset riding amongst them, that the greater number greeted him with a pleasant "Good evening, sahib," their black eyes glittering as they passed the compliment.

Traversing at last the unfrequented road (over which it seemed to him he had passed during each sunset for a long time past), he reached the great Hindoo temple, and skirting it to the east, as usual, he reached the cleft in the wall, and after a moment's watchfulness, exerted for what reason he could not say, he dismounted, fastened the bridle to a high tuft of the prickly pear, and then entered the garden.

His heart, also as usual, beat as he approached the palm tree under which he always found her.

The spot was deserted.

No gentle form in sweeping white turned calmly to greet him. The sweet violet eyes were not there, nor the soft, delicate hand which, in taking his in the gentle grasp of the tapering fingers, made him a prisoner as though he had been bound in cords.

Many of you who read these words know how blank is the spot which you have emblazoned with the heart of your love. You have quickly entered a room, or turned the trysting tree, heart beating and hand and lip ready to greet the one who is all the world; and instead of finding the dear mistress or master of your existence, the room or spot is barren—then does not the heart sicken and grow faint? And have you noticed how all nature, sounds, shadows, and shapes have become desolate and despairing?

So with Clive, as he came under the great palm-tree and found it deserted, the breeze became sad as it sobbed amongst the long, drooping palm leaves, which to him appeared as though weeping. The very sound of his foot upon the ground was sad—all spoke of parting; and you know, all parting is akin to death.

His head drooped—that was but natural; his eyes sought the ground, which was also natural in the first moments of his desolation. But his sight falling on the ground, he started; for there, gently lying on the earth, was an emblem and a signal.

It was a lotus flower, bound round with a dry reed. What did it mean? he asked himself as he raised the emblems. The lotus—that must surely mean that he should see her again; for was it not the emblem she had sent him whereby he had the power once more to behold her. And the dead reed round the stem of the lotus, this seemed as though the hope to see her once more was strangled by death. The emblem seemed combined of hope and despair, of light and darkness, in which he wandered, unknowing which way to turn.

He watched for hours, and until the heavy, drenching Indian dew had penetrated to his skin.

(b) HOG-HUNTING IN INDIA.—Before the Indian revolt had given our officers in India more difficult game than pigs, the pluck of the British gentleman expended itself in hunting tigers and wild swine. The former sport was of course the more honourable but the latter was certainly the safer; while, if the first was exciting, the second was and is amusing in an equal degree. The only literal drawbacks are the long spears, which are a little troublesome when you are in the saddle. You may traverse your friend instead of the pig, which, to say the least of it, would be inconvenient for him. Pig-sticking, as hog-hunting is called in India, is a favourite Anglo-Indian pastime. We need not minutely describe the sport, for our engraving speaks for itself. Here are the natives, who armed with spears, beat up the game. There is the game, as savage as succulent, driven from his native woods, and regarding with his fierce little red eyes the manner in which he is about to be poked up by the bamboo-shafted lances of the Britons. Alas, poor pig! seven straightforward Britons and spears what bear could withstand?

(c) THE NAUTCH.—The Indians, according to their view of the matter, are much above dancing themselves. When they condescend to take notice of that kind of thing, they engage nautch girls to dance for them. Some of these girls have reputations equaling those of our European great dancers, and equal them in value, for they are frequently paid fifty to one hundred pounds a night for their little performances. These "stars" of their profession, however, are only to be seen at very grand nautches at the courts of native princes. The girls, who are from twenty to thirty years of age, are generally small in stature, fair in complexion, with pretty features, and beautifully formed limbs. The dress they exhibit in consists of wide silk trousers; a petticoat of white, rose, lilac, or pink coloured muslin, richly embroidered with silver or gold; a light-fitting silk jacket; and a shawl, which they wear very gracefully over the bosom. They also wear about their ankles and arms a profusion of rings with which they beat a kind of tune with the music. The dance of the nautch girls is not a grotesque, but sometimes full of grace and originality. Some of the girls join in chorus. They then become in rapidity in their movements, and throw their arms about with much animation. A Frenchman speaking of a nautch he had witnessed, says, "I have never seen so much professional dancers otherwise to be reckoned, either in dress or in number, than these hayadras. Some young Englishmen who were present, being seized the trembling girls, and endeavoured to whirl them into a waltz. The poor creatures became so alarmed at this proceeding, that they threw themselves upon the ground, sobbed aloud, and begged that they might be permitted to retire." We may remark that this is not an account with the general character. Our illustration represents a nautch at the court of Nana Sahib.



Again on the following evening he returned to the garden, with that desolation and blight-like hope which drags us to the grave of a dearly loved one who has passed away.

He found no emblem this time beneath the spreading palm-tree; but had he looked into the verdure about him he might have seen two fierce eyes watching him—Indian eyes, which seemed to have forgotten the ordinary caution of Indian observant eyes. The watching woman did not seek to hide herself, though she remained motionless, a want of action which seemed natural to her.

Clive's face was a strange contrast with this woman's, for it looked—brave and dauntless gentleman as he was—quite feminine compared with the features of the spy upon his action, a woman, of whose age it would be impossible to judge with any degree of accuracy.

Clive went home desolately, and the next day reported himself sick.

Doctor Phil Effingham was soon at his bedside.

"Ha, I see!" said this downright fellow the moment he had come in; "regular attack of Indian fever. Now, shall I tell you what physio I strongly recommend?"

Clive answered him by a fretful turn upon his bed.

"Now, old fellow," said the doctor; "don't get out of temper with me, because I certainly shan't wish you, so what is the use of trying it on? Yes, the best physio I can recommend is a voyage home by the next mail. I'll manage the certificate, and with a clear conscience."

"What! And leave her?" said Clive.

"Well, I'll stake my professional reputation—though some people say it's not worth much—that she has left you."

Clive started, and said, "How do you know that?"

"Because in the first place, I've been in India longer than you, and know those Indian beauties; and because some kind friend has obliged the fellows of ours with a statement to that effect."

And here the Doctor produced a scrap of singularly beautiful paper, on which was written, in equally beautiful characters, "The Sahib Clive St. Maur has sought to pluck the lotus, and it has escaped him."

"There," continued the matter-of-fact Effingham. "Found by one of my scouts in the mess-room, and appropriated by me. These Indian beggars are really devils at cruelty." Then he added, in a milder tone—for, truth to tell, Effingham hid under a rattling, apparently heartless exterior as soft a heart as any woman's, which is the way with many a soft-hearted man,—"So, Clivey, boy, she really has made a deep hole in your heart?"

"Look here, Phil," cried Clive, turning suddenly round and raising himself on one elbow; "if I lose her, I'm a dead man. I feel I shall die; and I am ashamed of myself for saying so, and that's a fact."

Effingham laughed; but it was to hide an anxious face, and to choke a sigh; for even in his short experience he had known men die of bawled love—or rather its consequences, in bringing on low fever, from which the patient could not shake himself, having no energy or wish to live.

"Bah!" cried Phil; "love doesn't kill. We'll leave the book-makers to tell us that sort of thing." Then, in his sweeter tone of voice, he said, "So she has really gone—the jade?"

Clive pointed to the lotus, which still bloomed in a vase of water, for it is a lake lily, and will remain, when cut, in bloom for a long time. The dead reed still clung about it.

"Ho!" said Effingham, "reeded, eh? That means she's gone."

"I guessed it," said Clive, and with a groan turned away his face to the wall.

Meanwhile, Effingham turned his hands one over the other, and so far from looking like a light-hearted man, he appeared to be in a very serious and worried condition.

"Well, good morning, Clive," he said at last. "I suppose I must keep up my professional dignity, so I'll send you some medicine. But the best thing you can take is patience."

The piece of paper found by Effingham's kitemaggar in the mess-room was not the only one to the same effect discovered about the quarters of the officers of the 3—th, and within twenty-four hours it became known all over the station that Clive St. Maur was actually suffering from fever in consequence of his being deserted by an Indian girl.

And as this narrative is a plain and candid statement of facts in the shape of a fiction, it must be confessed here that the English men and women who heard of this scandal, and discovered it to be true, were terribly inclined to ridicule so extraordinary a passion. For it need not be said that, as a rule, Indian women, though treated with much consideration by our people, do not obtain that respect which is felt for English ladies.

And fellows of "ours," who, as a rule, had not an idea for the life of them, looked as learned as middle-aged rascals (s), and were quite as bearded, as they remarked, or to the same effect, that they "had not thought St. Maur was a fool, but he really must be, you know, or he'd never go puling over one of those nigger women."

(a) The learned of India. We shall have much to say of them.

Clive would have had callers in abundance, but Effingham positively forbade all visitors; and he himself alone, together with Clive's people, formed those who were about him.

Day succeeded day, and Clive St. Maur gradually became worse. He suffered from no defined complaint, but one of those wasting fevers had gained possession of him which are rather moral than physical, and which if not arrested in time by some moral change—and we use the word moral in the highest sense of the term—as surely kills as the knife of an assassin when cleaving the heart of the victim.

Effingham did all he could to rouse Clive, and all ineffectually. Day after day, evening after evening, he sat by the poor fellow's bed side, comforting him, rallying, laughing at, and advising him; but all to no purpose. Sometimes Effingham would point out that a woman who would heartlessly desert a man was not worth thinking of; and thereby Effingham hoped to appeal to his patient's pride.

But St. Maur had an answer for this argument.

"How do you know she deserted me?" he made answer. "She may have been forced away from me."

"Again, think of the fact of an English gentleman marrying an Indian," urged Effingham. "Your children would be mere half-castes."

To this Clive, winding himself about in his patient, uncomplaining agony, would answer, "I tell you that she does not seem to have a drop of Indian blood in her veins."

"Then why does she go about in an Indian dress?" naturally asked Effingham.

"I know nothing about that," the poor fellow would reply, tossing about. "But I repeat, she looks more English, and is far more beautiful, than nine-tenths of the Englishwomen at this station!"

"Well, I won't tell 'em so," said Effingham.

Thus day after day went on, St. Maur reported sick, and each sunrise Effingham growing more grave than on the previous day, as he looked upon his old friend and unhappy patient.

They were talking together late one afternoon, St. Maur fretfully complaining, and the doctor trying his best to cheer both Clive and himself, when Pawkey, the Indian table-servant, already referred to, entered the room, after the usual signal, his eyes wide open, and even frightened-looking. He announced that an Indian woman wanted to see the sahib.

St. Maur, gaining strength by the hope of that moment, raised himself on his elbow, and as the faint colour came back in his worn face, he told the lad to admit the visitor.

The next moment a fierce-looking woman, glancing about her defiantly and revengefully, entered the room.

"Who are you?" asked St. Maur, dropping to his mattress again; for, strange as it may appear, he had vaguely hoped the visitor was Lota, though he well knew that this was almost impossible (Hindoo women (b) of any degree of superiority rarely leaving their houses); while, had it been so, she would have inevitably fallen in the reverential feeling he had for her.

"Who am I?" asked the visitor. "One who is sent to you, and one who would have stayed away."

"Why away?" asked the doctor.

"Because I hate you."

"Why hate?" continued the doctor, with equal good humour.

"Because you all have your feet on our necks."

"If you hate us, why seek us out?" asked Effingham, exercising his usual candid style with Indians.

"Because I am faithful, and because I am sent. Behold!"

Thus speaking, she took from her breast a lotus-flower—that blossom by which St. Maur had already learnt so much.

This time the flower was not encompassed by a reed.

"With it," continued the Indian, "I have one word to offer you—hope."

Hope he did, as he took the flower from the Indian's hand. He did not mark that treacherous member—those cruel claw-like fingers, and the quivering limb. He only saw the lotus.

But Effingham marked the suppressed vengeance and abhorrence in the woman's face, posture, and even in her hands. His clear brain and watchful eyes were not to be out-matched.

"May we ask your name?" he said to her.

"Vengha."

As she uttered the word, she turned upon the doctor as though she had uttered the word "vengeance."

(b) HINDOO FEMALES.—The engraving represents a group of Hindoo ladies. It is probable that the native artist to whom we are indebted for this sketch was himself the owner of these Indian beauties; for, as our readers are aware, ladies of the superior class—to which these belong—are rarely or never seen by any men, save their husbands, brothers, and sons. The women of rank seldom leave the zenana (seraglio), where they pass their time in adorning their persons, in smoking, and in playing on an instrument something like a guitar. The Hindoo women lead a far more secluded life than do the Mahomedans, who treat their women more liberally, and subject them to less restraint. During the last few years, much has been done to improve the condition of Indian women. Many natives of influence have decided on educating their female children; so that, in a few years, the society of a Hindoo wife will be more sought after by her husband than now, and polygamy will be discouraged thereby.

In a moment her face exhibited that luridly which in the Indian countenance is so repulsive, and all the life of her features concentrated in her eyes, which seemed literally to burn.

Effingham looked at the woman, as he would have regarded a curious and an unusual malady. After a few puffs at his cigar, he said coolly, "Do you know, my good woman, you are wearing yourself out with hate? You may think we English are your enemies, which is ridiculous—but you, perhaps, are your worst enemy. Your life is a misery, and so perhaps it is as well as not that you should be killing yourself daily."

"I shall live long enough," she said with a kind of prophetic accent.

For a moment Effingham eyed her sternly; then he recovered his composure. And as ultimately this gentleman was one of the first to force the Indian mutiny, and so thereupon endeavoured to arouse the then sluggish Indian Government to the perfection of preventive measures, it is not unlikely that the warning sentence on the part of the messenger Vengha had its weight in leading him to his ultimate discoveries.

"Eff," said St. Maur, after a pause, "leave the room for a minute, there's a good fellow."

The doctor started, feeling some indefinable alarm, and answered, "Why can't I remain?"

The sick young officer hesitated for a moment, his face crimsoning as he did so. Then he said, "I—I want to send a message."

Thereupon the young doctor could do no otherwise than leave the room. It was impossible for him to make any excuse, in spite of the indefinable feeling which pervaded him, that the more the messenger were watched the better.

Effingham, however, felt that if St. Maur felt a delicacy in speaking of love, and speaking, as it were, to his dear mistress, in the presence of his brother officer, that brother officer could make no reply. Hence, without another word, he left the room.

Now, as usual in most Indian bungalows, or country houses, Clive's bed-room was on the ground-floor, and therefore the door windows opened directly upon the garden about the house.

To one of these windows Vengha moved the moment Effingham had left the room, and in so doing she turned her back to St. Maur.

"Whither go you?" asked Clive.

"The sahib's face is troubled," replied Vengha; "and I would not look upon his white countenance when it is in pain. Let the poorest of his servants hold her face away from him as she speaks."

She had moved to the nearest window to Clive's charpoy, or camp bedstead, as she spoke; and as she finished she took from the folds of her loose dress a piece of palm stalk about the thickness of a child's wrist, and about a foot in length.

"Vengha," said Clive, "tell her that I shall, I think, die if I do not see her, and that I am not ashamed to tell her so."

"Sahib, I hear," said the woman; and as she spoke she knelt upon one knee, her back still to Clive.

"Why do you kneel?" asked St. Maur.

"Because the sahib speaks so lovingly of one of my people."

Here she loosened a fastening of white clay from one end of the thick reed.

"Tell her to forget not her promise, and to hold it sacred."

"An Indian never forgets an oath," said Vengha; and as she spoke, she shook from the reed, and into the corner of the window, and so as partly to be hidden by the lapping edge of the curtain of thick woven grass before the window, a very tiny, greyish serpent, which seemed almost dead, or torpid.

This done, and as he uttered the word "sacred," she rose, stood erect, and stepped from the window.

No human eyes but hers had seen the act, no tongue but hers could speak of it (c).

"Sahib, you shall be obeyed," she continued. "May the sahib's life end only with the sun, and Brahma at last take him to his arms."

Then she pointed at the reed-bound lotus which still bloomed in the vase in which Clive had lovingly placed it, as though she had added, "his life will not last till the leaves of that flower shall fall."

She turned and bowed her head lowly; but her eyes were full of defiance as she did so.

Clive, taking a ring from his finger, held it out towards her.

She only bowed the lower, and then retired from the room, almost prostrate, and still with backward steps, so that her eyes rested on the awakening serpent near the window.

(To be continued in our next)

(c) It may then be asked, seeing that we have stated this narrative to be in part truth, how came we acquainted with the particulars of this crime? The answer is easy. At the sack of Delhi a Mad book was found, which contained what professed to be a history of what was called the wrongs and wrongs of the Indian empire; and amongst other chapters recording monstrous cruelties, the details of Vengha's attempt upon Clive's life are to be found.

## Wit and Wisdom.

I've got into an awful scrape, as the chin said to the blunt razor.

Why is the hour between ten and twelve at long odds?—Because it is ten to one.

Why is William the ostler like an ignis fatuus?—Because he is a "Will-o'-the-Wisp."

Why is a glow-worm like a chamber-lamp?—Because it is a night-light.

Why is a widow like a gardener?—Because she tries to get rid of her weeds.

Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face?—Because it is the scenter.

Scientific.—To indulge in retrospective thoughts on nothing over a glass of champagne.

The proverb says, "There is a time for all things." This is an error. There is no time for deliberation when you are catching fleas.

A YANKEE editor says that if anything will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the candle is blown out.

A WESTERN editor cautions his readers against kissing short girls, because this habit has made him round-shouldered.

FASHIONABLE WISDOM.—An heiress marrying a brainless fop, because his ancestors were "lords of high degree."

Why is Wade the grocer, who paid five shillings in the pound, like a part of Scripture?—Because he was "weigh'd in the balance, and found wanting."

WANTED TO KNOW whether every pound cake weighs exactly sixteen ounces avoirdupois; and how many gallons of water it would take to drown the noise of thunder.

A SUBSTITUTE.—At a parish examination, a clergyman asks a charity boy if he had ever been baptized. "No, sir," is the reply, "not as I know of; but I've been vaccinated."

SHORT COMMONS.—At a shop-window in the Strand, there appears the following notice: "Wanted two apprentices, who shall be treated as one of the family."

An old lady, remarkable for her confused ideas of the meaning of words, thus described a clear summer evening: "It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made everything as light as a cork."

A USEFUL PEDIGREE.—When George III was offered a pedigree by a jockey with a horse which the monarch had purchased from him, his Majesty is reported to have said, "Take it back with you; it will do just as well for the next you sell."

A LAST FOLLY.—A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "you may depend upon it, this is my last folly."

A PAIR OF THEM.—An American paper says there is a man in Pleasant-street, Boston, so sharp that he has only to lather himself and look into the glass—he never needs a razor to shave with. And another so dull that his wife has to rep him every morning.

RETOUR.—A celebrated barrister one day examining a witness, who foiled all his attempts at ridicule by her ready and shrewd answers, at last exclaimed, "There is brass enough in your head, madam, to make a five-pall kettle."—"And sap enough in yours, sir, to fill it," quickly retorted the witness.

QUERE?—In one of the favourable opinions of the press, often quoted by publishers in the paragraph advertisements of books, and known by the name of "puffs," we find the following compliment to the authoress of a recent novel:—"The authoress has an admirable acquaintance with the habits, the foibles, and the vices of the society she has delineated!"

A KENTUCKY LAWYER'S APPEAL.—"The thunder rolled, the moon rolled, the stars winked, the sky was a complete web—gentlemen of the jury—of darkling darkness on that night; and yet this ere man did, with malice aforethought, steal forth into the quiet shades of a lonely farmer's house, and then maliciously pleased his brindle yaller dog. Convict him, and the prayers of a nation are yours!"

THE PRINTER.—"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the corporal, looking full upon my uncle, "because he must endeavour to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps, a small paragraph pops upon him. He hastily throws it to the compositor, it is inserted, and he is ruined, to all intents and purposes." "To much the case, Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh; "too—much—the—case." "And, please your honour," continued Trim, elevating his voice and striking into an exploring attitude, "this is not the whole." "Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer sometimes," pursued the corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But, alas, sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, 'Why don't he give us more poetry, marriages, and boy-moats?'—away with these stale pieces." The politician claps his specs on his nose, and reads: over in search of a violent invective. He finds none takes his specs off, folds them, and sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber, and yet, after all this

complaining, would you believe, sir?" says the corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly—"would you believe, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay? Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that!" "Never!" said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

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